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Starting Off With the Wrong Foot

THERE is always a danger in waiting for a "position of strength" from which to negotiate. If you dare not negotiate when your adversary's bargaining power is strong, you are likely not to think it necessary when you are the stronger. "The enemy is weakening: if we steel our nerves, he will soon be ready to capitulate." So still no negotiations: in the climate of Cold War, with all its distasteful apparatus of hostile propaganda, secret agents and sabotage, *Realpolitik* degenerates into *Machtpolitik*. If the calculation proves wrong, and the enemy does not yield to threats of force—and great nations seldom yield to ultimata—the chances are that, in the circumstances of today, it will be too late for anything but the suicide of civilisation.

A warning that the West, under "aggressive" American leadership, is courting this risk was the most important point in Mr. Malenkov's lengthy, magisterial speech to the Supreme Soviet. In Washington, soldiers and diplomats seem to assume that the Soviet system has been shaken almost irreparably by the death of Stalin, Beria's disgrace and the signs of revolt in Eastern Germany; that the more conciliatory tones in which Moscow has recently spoken are evidence of fundamental weakness; and that, in the issues of Korea and Germany alike, the West can now afford to lay down "take it or leave it" terms, with a scarcely veiled "or else" to stiffen them. To any such policy of negotiating by force, said Mr. Malenkov, Russia's reaction would be to say: "You've started dancing with the wrong foot." The warning was relevant and timely.

The popular press in this and other Western countries has naturally selected for sensational headline treatment the statement in Mr. Malenkov's speech that the U.S. "has no monopoly in the production of the hydrogen bomb." Since it could be assumed that the Soviet Union is keeping roughly abreast of other countries in atomic research, and only a year or two behind in atomic production, this claim, if true, is less important than the emphasis laid by Mr. Malenkov on the general economic strength and progress of his country. With a Communist's characteristic emphasis on administrative "self-criticism," he dwelt on shortcomings: the coal and timber industries were operating at an uneconomically high level of costs, and the productivity of many branches of agriculture in the collective farms was seriously lagging. None the less, the picture he gave was one of an economy expanding at a rate immensely high in relation to the general performance of Western Europe. The "concessions" which he announced—the diversion of more resources from capital investment in heavy industry to urban housing and the production of ampler supplies of better quality consumer goods; further incentives in the form of higher delivery prices and reduced taxes on "auxiliary" incomes for the members of collective farms; the general assurance that policy would now be directed to raising more rapidly than had been promised the popular standard of living—all these give the appearance of deriving not from a nervous desire to appease discontent but from confidence in the achievement and prospects of the Soviet Union. They confirm, indeed, the conclusions reached in an article by Dr. Balogh on a later page that the real challenge of the U.S.S.R. to the West may ultimately stem from a materially superior standard of life for the mass of its people.

Malenkov spoke with the same confidence about foreign policy. Having announced that the appropriations for Defence would be reduced from 23.6 per cent. to 20.8 per cent. of the total Budget, he proceeded to a *tour de l'horizon* in the lofty, complacent manner of a Queen's Speech. "Our relations" are "consolidating" with China, India and all other neighbouring countries; trade pacts are being signed with the South American republics; Italy could look to Russian supplies of coal and grain to improve the conditions of its "glorious people"; France, if she would but set her face against joining "the war-mongers' camp," could have her security guaranteed by her mutual assistance agreement with the Soviet Union. As for Germany, there was no reason why the problem could not be solved if the policy were abandoned of "dragging Germany into an aggressive

military *bloc*." For the rest, the rights of China in the United Nations must be recognised; the policy of "co-existence" must inspire friendly negotiations on every controversial issue: "It would be a crime before mankind if the certain *détente* which has appeared . . . should be replaced by a new aggravation of the tension."

Regarded merely as political warfare, this tends to split Nato, and to persuade America's allies that they have nothing to fear from the Soviet Union. Certainly there is no need to accept "at the foot of the letter" Mr. Malenkov's avowals of friendliness. There is historically an unhappy, reminiscent ring in his statement that the Soviet Union "has no territorial claims"; and there is an element of humour in this revolutionary's "holier than thou" protest that America is conducting "undermining activities against lawful governments of sovereign countries." Nevertheless, the salient impression which the speech makes is that the new regime in Russia is at present disinclined for aggressive foreign adventures, and that it is now sufficiently confident of the economic strength of the country behind it that it is prepared to negotiate on equal terms. The warning that the West will gain nothing and may lose much by waiting in the hope of exploiting Soviet weakness is all to the good. To squeeze too tightly a velvet glove is a dangerous game if the fist within is iron.

The French Strikes

When the current wave of strikes in France began with the stoppage called by the Socialist and Catholic trade unions in the postal services, following the success of a local postal workers' strike in Bordeaux, the overt cause was the Government's reported intention to make two extra years of work obligatory in the State services before pensionable retirement age is reached. The decision of the Communist-led C.G.T. to bring out the whole of the State employees in a 24-hour sympathetic strike, which completely disrupted public services at the end of last week, was clearly motivated by a desire not to let the non-Communist union steal all the thunder, and also to bring further pressure on the Government to modify the threatened "retrenchment" decree. In this, it would appear, the strike succeeded. When it appeared, the decree relating to State employees provided for a two years' delay in the retirement age, but this is to be purely optional for those already in the service. Nevertheless, the postal workers voted unanimously in favour of continuing the strike; and the railwaymen, who had mostly gone back to work, came out again —followed by miners, seamen, gas and electricity workers and many public employees.

It is clear that the real cause of the strikes is much wider than the comparatively trivial issue of the retirement age in Government service. Writing in *Le Monde,* M. André Chênebenoit observed that these were essentially "preventive" actions taken by the workers, designed to apply political pressure rather than to secure specific industrial gains. The Government has protested that the decree affecting State employees is only one item in a programme aimed at "financial stability," and that it is acting also against price cartels and against interests whose practices are holding up the cost of living. In the light of governmental performance in past years, the workers may be pardoned if they doubt whether any of the measures against bourgeois interests will, in fact, be carried out. All they can see, at the moment, is that State employees have been chosen first to bear the burden of retrenchment, that a Geddes Axe is to fall on the nationalised undertakings, and that rents (admittedly low in France) are to rise, while tax reform is to await legislative time. Nothing encourages them to hope that the otherwise almost insoluble problem of the Budget deficit will be tackled either by making the rich pay their share of taxation, or by reducing Defence expenditure to tolerable limits. The workers' exasperation has been increased by the belief that France is being bled white in a hopeless struggle in the Far East.

It goes even further than that. In the words of M. Georges Levard, Secretary General of the Catholic trade unions, "the workers have no longer any confidence in the powers that be." Coming on top of a series of Governments from which the Left has been totally excluded from any say in policy, the refusal of the Assembly to endorse the realistic "reformist" policy outlined by M. Mendès-France has produced in the French working class feelings of intolerable frustration. At the time of going to press, there are no signs that M. Laniel's broadcast of Wednesday night—"No surrender. Return to work; and then legitimate grievances can be discussed"—has proved adequate either to dispel the bitterness or to fracture the new-found unity of action of the Communist and Socialist unions.

Confused Warning from the Treasury

Two admissions contained in the current issue of the Treasury *Bulletin for Industry,* published this week, constitute together a striking commentary on Mr. Butler's economic policy. The Bulletin admits that "the rise in home demand is one of the main factors" in this year's rise in industrial production: it goes on to warn the country that our ability to maintain rising consumption "depends largely on our ability to earn more from overseas sales." A glance at the accompanying figures in the Bulletin, however, suggests that this is tantamount to saying, "All will be well, provided we can continue indefinitely to extract a quart from a pint pot." The warning, in fact, is so fallaciously misleading as to suggest that it is little more than the *memento mori* of some harassed Treasury economist, who can see for himself that the sum will not add up, but cannot dispel the myopia of his Ministers. For what has happened is that Mr. Butler, realising that his dear money policy, coupled with reductions in Government expenditure, was largely responsible for last year's alarming fall in industrial production, sought in this year's Budget to give industry a shot in the arm. He has succeeded by his tax reliefs in stimulating a middle-class spending spree, which makes the production figures seem far healthier on the surface than a year ago. Unfortunately, however, for first appearances, increased consumption is appearing in just those industrial sectors where it can least easily be maintained—in durable consumer goods, cars and more expensive clothing and footwear. In other words, increased consumption has been largely of those commodities which are themselves both highly exportable and relatively heavy import consumers. It is, on the Treasury's own showing, impossible for the U.K. to sustain a boom on this basis. Imports must, sooner or later, be restricted; and the general trend of the Chancellor's internal policy suggests that the check on consumption involved in that is expected to be borne almost entirely by the lower income groups.

Any Solution for Kenya?

We now have authoritative information that there does exist amongst one group of settlers a plan for ending the Mau Mau horror. The idea is supported by influential names, including the redoubtable Colonel Grogan, the owner of Nairobi's most famous hotel, the hero of an extraordinary march through Africa, and the toughest of the early East Africa's veteran figures. It seems that for some time past he has been one of a small group who have suggested that the only solution lay in releasing Jomo Kenyatta and persuading him to lead the Kikuyu people from the path of violence. If Kenyatta's appeal, as seems likely, is finally allowed on technical grounds, the Kenya Government can scarcely wish for a new trial, especially since it looks to the world outside Kenya as if the only charge that has been successfully pressed against Kenyatta is that he did not make any very brave effort to stop the growth of Mau Mau. The moment is also apposite because, General Erskine admits, there is no good reason to expect the Kikuyu war to be brought to a speedy conclusion. General Erskine, as we hoped, has put an end to much European black-and-tannery. The General has even been violently attacked by one settler paper which accuses him of "making almost an apology for the shooting of two supply carriers who proved to be women in a prohibited area." Such an apology this settler journal regards as a "sign of weakness" which foreshadows the shocking history of White withdrawal in the Gold Coast." Such remarks in a settler paper suggest that we have every reason to be grateful for General Erskine's decency and discipline. But we have further to thank him for a realistic appraisal of the situation which, admittedly, is having serious effects on the minds of discontented young Africans beyond Kikuyuland. The only deduction is that the Governor must find authoritative Kikuyu leaders —and who else is there except Kenyatta?

The Merrifield Compromise

Few people seem to have thought of the Attorney-General's way out of the legal *impasse* in the Merrifield murder case—the entering of a *nolle prosequi* in respect of the husband, as to whose complicity the jury had disagreed. It has the rather grim effect of leaving the Crown free to carry out the sentence on Mrs. Merrifield, without the embarrassment either of allowing or forbidding her to give evidence at her husband's retrial—the very difficulty that made Christie's examination by the Scott Henderson tribunal an affair of decorous secrecy; while it

robs Merrifield of the final satisfaction—such as it might be—of the formal "Not Guilty" verdict that would have followed a decision to "offer no evidence." Merrifield, in fact, could be arrested and indicted afresh: it was decided as long ago as 1704 that a *nolle prosequi* "does not operate as a bar, a discharge, or an acquittal on the merits, and the party remains liable to be re-indicted." It may be presumed, therefore, that if the re-trial of the husband could have taken place before the date fixed for the execution of the wife, he would have been formally and irrevocably acquitted on an offer of "no evidence." He owes his equivocal position in law to the fact that a "no evidence" acquittal, based on the fact that the Crown had hanged one of the witnesses rather than wait for the re-trial, would have looked unduly cynical.

ROME

The Pull of the Left

A Correspondent writes: With the Assembly reluctant to spend August in Rome, there would have been nothing surprising in the formation of a stop-gap Government based on a coalition of Christian-Democrats, Liberals and Republicans, with the Saragat Socialists excluded from, but provisionally supporting, the Administration. What is, on the face of it, surprising is that Signor Piccioni, up to the moment he gave up his attempts to form a Government, should have hesitated apparently to frame a policy which would ensure Monarchist support. A Right-wing member of the Christian-Democrat party, Signor Piccioni was likely to have a stronger bias towards the Right than Signor De Gasperi himself; but he did not venture a show-down with the Left.

The explanation can only be that the Social-Democrat leadership has found increasing food for thought in a study of the election results. It is not only that the Communists and Nenni Socialists together secured 36.5 per cent. of the poll, as compared with only 31 per cent. in 1948, while the Centre vote sank from 62.3 per cent. to 49.8 per cent.; the consolidation of the Left is emphasised by the geographical distribution of the voting. In the North and Centre, where it was strongest in 1948, the Communist Party maintained its previous position but failed to improve it—even losing a little here and there. In the South, its weak point, it gained greatly.

An analysis of official returns for the provinces of the South and the islands made recently by *Rinascita* shows that, in comparison with the last General Election, the Communist proportion of votes rose from 7.9 per cent. to 21.8 per cent. in Sicily, from 12.5 per cent. to 21.2 per cent. in Sardinia, and from 7.4 per cent. to 19.5 per cent. in Campania, with more or less comparable gains in Puglia, Lucania, Calabria and Abruzzo-Molise. These figures were perhaps sufficient to deter Signor Piccioni from an overt alliance with the Monarchists, whose terms would have been a complete stop on even the present steps towards land reform—the chief issue in the South.

With the Communist-Socialist alliance holding an absolute majority in Tuscany, Umbria and Emilia, and preserving its strength in the Centre and North, the Southern gains mean that the national distribution of votes for the Left is much better balanced than it was before. That is, it could now be made harder for any Centre-Right coalition to govern Italy *against the Left* than it has been for De Gasperi—a genuine man of the Centre—since 1948. This, at least, appears to be the conclusion that Piccioni has drawn.

BORNEO

Oilfield and Sultanate

A Correspondent writes: The development of the Seria oilfield in the State of Brunei is creating trouble in this North-West corner of Borneo. In the phraseology of constitutional lawyers, Brunei is a "protected State." Its Malay Sultan is bound by treaty to the British Crown to seek, and act on, the advice of a British Resident. In practice, the administration is indistinguishable from that in the neighbouring States of Sarawak and North Borneo. The Seria field is now the most important commercial enterprise in British Borneo. Controlled by the British Malayan Petroleum Company, a Shell subsidiary, it employs a large labour force consisting mainly of Chinese immigrants. The fear that militant trade unionism and possibly Communism may infiltrate into their ranks is a serious concern to the authorities; and they are still more concerned lest such a movement infect the Sea Dayak labourers, who are imported from Sarawak, whither they return periodically.

In recent years there has been a strong movement, in which Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, the Commissioner-General in Singapore, has played a leading role, for the political and economic integration of British Borneo. Last April, a conference was held in Kuching, which was attended by Mr. Macdonald, the Governors of Sarawak and North Borneo, and the Sultan of Brunei. Subsequently a statement was issued that it had been decided to develop the system of periodic joint meetings between departmental heads of the three territories. A standing conference of the three heads of Governments has also been created to maintain the closest possible harmony of policy.

These steps are being construed in Singapore as a move towards federation. British Borneo already has a unified judiciary, which was constituted by Order-in-Council in December, 1951, but in other spheres plans for the closer association of Sarawak and Brunei have hitherto far outstripped the wider strategy which will bring in North Borneo, and ultimately more sophisticated dependencies, as well.

Before the war Brunei ranked with the five unfederated States on the Malayan peninsula. Its High Commissioner was the Governor of Singapore, and its British Resident was appointed from the Malayan Civil Service. Now all that has been changed. The Governor of Sarawak is the High Commissioner for Brunei, the heads of the Sarawak Government departments are also heads of the equivalent departments in Brunei, and all the senior posts under the Brunei Government, including all the posts normally held by Europeans, are staffed by a system of secondment from Sarawak.

This development is inspired partly by political motives and partly by reasons of efficiency. It is clearly desirable that the artificial barriers between the Colony and the State should be broken down as far as possible, but there has been a suspicion that it is the object of the British Government to get rid of the Sultan of Brunei altogether. That would make little difference to the daily life of the people or to the system of government, but it would be a grievous affront to the spirit of Malay nationalism and therefore a psychological error. It is unlikely that the authorities are unaware of this danger, and so it is probable that the anomaly of the Sultan nominally ruling a country which is in fact administered from Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, will continue for some time to come.

War on the Ninety-first Day?

We now know that on July 27 Britain, with 15 other United Nations Powers, signed a declaration (kept strictly secret until August 7), that any renewal of aggression from North Korea would again be met by united and prompt resistance, and that the consequences would be "so grave that in all probability it would not be possible to confine hostilities within the frontiers of Korea." Or, more shortly, if North Korea is responsible for some aggressive breach of the truce, or can be made to appear so by Syngman Rhee, we shall all be involved in full-scale war with the Communist world.

Mr. Butler and his colleagues did not mention this declaration when they reassured us about British policy, in the Debate on July 30. They have only themselves to blame if there is widespread and genuine indignation in Labour and Liberal circles at this lack of candour. But this is of secondary importance. We have to concentrate our attention on the fact that we are in a situation much more dangerous than any since the dismissal of MacArthur. To appreciate just how dangerous, observe the course of events since Rhee released the prisoners.

The first stage was the long process of bargaining between Rhee and the Americans to determine whether South Korea would abide by any armistice which could be signed. In his own time, Rhee allowed it to be known that he would co-operate in observing the truce for the duration of a time-limited political conference, in return for certain assurances from Mr. Dulles and the U.N. Command and for a "treaty of defence" with the U.S. The second stage was the signing of an armistice, which was both later and less satisfactory than it could have been: less satisfactory, because both the U.N. Command, and the U.S. as the dominating influence within that Command, had been able to secure the armistice only by entering into commitments to Rhee which have the effect both of robbing the U.N. of some of its super-sovereign discretion to negotiate for peace, and of impairing the chances even of an enduring truce.

Thirdly, came the signing of the "treaty of defence" in Seoul last week and, almost simultaneously, the release by the U.N. Command of the previously agreed 16-Nation declaration. About this treaty, which binds the United States and South Korea in a defensive alliance and entitles America to keep troops indefinitely in Korea, the *Observer's* correspondent reported:

> It was the price of Mr. Rhee's agreement to go along with the armistice negotiations and not to restart the war by unilateral action. And since it was increasingly clear that the war no longer promised any benefits for Korea, that we had not, in fact, the state of mind necessary to accept casualties and break the stalemate, the treaty represents a pure gain for Mr. Rhee. His intransigence has paid handsomely.

It is, however, the startling 16-Nation declaration which has caused so much alarm in Britain. This is being semi-officially defended on two grounds—the one, that it is no more than a statement of objective (and obvious) fact,

adding nothing to the already declared intention of Britain and the other participating States to resist aggression again, should it recur; the other, that it is a proper deterrent threat, "a stern reminder," in the words of the New York *Herald Tribune*, that, if China connives at breaking the truce, Manchuria can no longer be treated "as a privileged sanctuary" for Chinese war material and aeroplanes.

The former of these propositions is of little consequence except as a lame excuse for Mr. Butler. It is the second which must be taken seriously; and that depends for its validity on the determination of the Western Powers to play their part in achieving a peaceful settlement with China in Korea and elsewhere. Here, any good intentions which may optimistically be assumed are denied by Rhee's record of misconduct, by the declared objectives of Mr. Dulles's foreign policy and by the existence of the treaty itself.

For Rhee, whose longer-range intentions are obvious enough, has undertaken to behave only for the duration of the conference. Mr. Dulles and Rhee have agreed together to walk out of the conference—that is, to terminate it—as soon as it is clear to them that the "conference is no longer serving a useful purpose," and, in any case, at the end of about 90 days. Mr. Rhee and Mr. Dulles have both made it clear that in their eyes the only "useful purpose" which the conference could serve is the "unification" of North Korea under the present South Korean Administration. Once the conference is unilaterally terminated, Rhee is released from his promise not to attempt to unify Korea by force. At the same time, he can invoke the new "treaty of defence," which almost inescapably involves the U.S. in the fortunes of South Korea.

So we are faced with the situation in which the fulfilment of Rhee's declared intention of conquering the whole of Korea is awaiting only the failure of a conference which is doomed to failure if he and Mr. Dulles have their way. Once renewed fighting broke out, it is likely that the Western Powers would have only the word of Syngman Rhee and his army as to how it started. Rhee would assuredly invoke his treaty, and it seems almost inconceivable that the Americans would be able to resist, even if the State Department desired to do so, the strong pressures which would be brought upon them both internally and externally to join in.

It is in these circumstances that the participating nations have simultaneously accepted the U.S. view that any Communist breach of the truce will be a renewal of the original aggression, calling for no new decision by the United Nations, and affirmed that the war would then almost certainly be spread to China. No wonder Mr. Butler and Lord Salisbury were careful to conceal from Parliament the pattern of an operation which, seen objectively and in its entirety, looks remarkably like the methodical planning of the legal justification for a war against China, to be launched on the ninety-first day after the beginning of the political conference.

Such an analysis, of course, leaves out of account a number of subjective factors which may, in the event, play their part. Mr. Dulles, for instance, is no doubt basing his hopes, not on a full-scale war with China, but on a Chinese surrender. When it dawns on him that the Chinese are in no mood for surrender and have no intention of making concessions, except *pari passu* with the Americans, he may change his tactics, if he still has time. Moreover, it is fair to add that his treaty with South Korea, which pledges the contracting parties only to consultation in the first place, and subsequently, if it is agreed that an "armed attack" has taken place, action "to meet the common danger in accordance with [their own] constitutional processes," does leave the U.S. with some margin of discretion about the support it will give to Rhee in any particular circumstances.

Nevertheless, an objective analysis of the situation as it now exists points, on the face of it, to a steady march of events towards war round about the turn of the year. The only authority strong enough to divert this trend into a new course is the U.N. itself. The General Assembly, while it can do nothing about the "treaty of defence," can lay down positive directions for its delegates' conduct at the political conference; can affirm that for the present Korea must stay divided; can prevent the authority of the U.N. being prostituted to the purposes of the China Lobby; can, in a word, ensure that, if Rhee and the Americans prove hell-bent on war with China, they really will have to go it alone. A resolute stand by the smaller Powers at Lake Success might be sufficient to save the day; it could be achieved only with British support.

The Labour campaign for the recall of Parliament to discuss this situation deserves all possible support. But it cannot be successful in a day or two. Meanwhile, the General Assembly meets on Monday. It is up to the leaders of the Labour Party, wherever they may be scattered, to pledge, this week-end, their support for an independent British stand in the U.N., and to warn the country of the appalling consequences of allowing Mr. Butler and Lord Salisbury, by kow-towing to Mr. Dulles, to make certain the war against China which Mr. Dulles's policy has already made likely.

The Soviet Challenge

[The following article was written before the provisions of the 1953-54 Budget of the U.S.S.R. were known. The steps announced by Mr. Malenkov for raising immediate consumption standards strengthen the conclusions at which the writer arrives.]

It is not difficult to understand the almost exclusive concentration in the West on the military aspects of the Soviet Union's strength. In the contemporary historical and political setting this one-sidedness was perhaps inevitable. The grave dangers implicit in this attitude are less perceptible, but by no means less real. Historically, the very fact that the military threat of Hitlerite Germany was disregarded is, perhaps, the main reason for the present preoccupation with Russia's armed strength. "Once bitten. . . ."

Politically, it was hard for the Western politicians and propagandists to take really seriously the threat implicit in the rise of Soviet economic strength. Disapproving of the system and the means it employed, they could not bring themselves to acknowledge its tremendous dynamism. Moreover, when the Soviet Union obtained the secret of the atom bomb, the balance of military force was violently tilted against the Western Powers. Some rearmament, therefore, became inevitable, if only in order to deter the Soviet from opportunist probing for weak spots in the Western build-up—probing which would certainly lead to war. It became essential to obtain the consent of the populations of the Democracies to very heavy sacrifices—voluntarily accepted—as against the ease with which the U.S.S.R. can exact sacrifices from its own subjects. Both in America and Britain, the taxpaying public had to be convinced that the main threat of the Soviet Union lay in military preparations; only so would they accept the need to pay for rearmament.

In retrospect, the decision to make a stand in Korea seems to have performed the decisive role it was intended to perform. It seems to have had the effect of giving adequate warning to the Kremlin that any further probing for weak spots would result in a full-scale war. The rearmament of the Western Allies, moreover, has now proceeded to such a point that large-scale production of arms, in contrast to the preliminary building up of productive capacity, is imminent. Western inferiority on the ground is beginning to be outweighed by superiority in the air, buttressed by a vast number of convenient bases. Furthermore, even before the death of Stalin, there were sufficient signs to show that Korea was an exceptional case, that there is little reason to expect a Soviet military attack on the Western Powers. No attempt was made to overrun Tito even before the West decided to help him. And there were no signs of Russia trying to anticipate Allied military superiority by a preventive attack. This is by no means to argue that the risk of war is negligible, or that the Western Powers might not suffer serious setbacks (*e.g.*, in Indo-china or Africa). But these facts, together with the spectacular changes in the Soviet diplomatic line, suggest that an urgent reconsideration of the strategy and tactics of the Western Powers, and thus also of the real character of the Russian challenge, has become imperative.

Last April, the Soviet Council of Ministers once more decreed sweeping cuts in Russian consumer prices. This was the sixth successive reduction, and the largest: it raised living standards by something like 10-15 per cent., or nearly twice as much as on previous occasions. It became clear that some reduction in the proportion of resources devoted to capital investment was at last being granted to the much-tried Russian consumer; and this step was taken at a moment when, even without this relaxation, a steady improvement in the standard of life could have been vouchsafed. After gruelling years of reconstruction, the Soviet people had at last achieved a balance between investment and consumption. Even without a reduction, now decreed, in the share of investment, they could have looked forward to an annual 8-10 per cent. rise in living standards. What did this change in Soviet policy denote? It took place when Russian output of steel annually was still only 31m. tons, against 51m. in Western Europe and over 100m. in the U.S., and when the relative position of Russia in terms of energy-output was still less favourable. Coupled with recent obvious modifications in the general Soviet diplomatic line, the decision to cut down capital investment (and, thereby, production of armaments) is a further significant fact.

At the same time, the civilian economic achievements of the U.S.S.R. begin to assume new importance—contrasting, as they do, with spreading stagnation in the West. No doubt, Soviet claims must be taken with a grain of salt; since propaganda, internal and external, is a consistent aim, various methods are often employed to give an

exaggerated idea of Soviet might. In iron and steel, various qualities are translated into a common denomination in such a way as to boost the figures, while horse-power or weight equivalents are used, in the case of tractors, for the same purpose. All this has been known for some time; and the capture in Germany of one of the master copies of the Russian 1940-45 Plan enables us to have a rough idea of the corrections necessary in order to get an accurate picture of Russian statistics. After correction for over-statement, all the evidence seems to indicate a current increase in total output of 6-7 per cent., possibly 8-9 per cent., compound per annum, while the rate of increase in the output of manufactures is substantially higher, and may be as much as 9-11 per cent. These figures compare with an increase of roughly 6 per cent. compound per annum since the war in American manufacturing capacity, and with a British increase, *until* 1950, of about the same order of magnitude. Since 1950, British production has ceased to expand; the situation in France is similar; and even in Germany, the rate of growth has fallen.

As matters stand, Soviet output *per head* considerably surpasses that of Italy, and is likely to catch up with the present level of French output per head in 1955. At the same rate of progress, the British output *per head* of 1951 will be overtaken by Russia between 1960 and 1962. This means—since the population of the Soviet Union is over 200 m.—that Russia will enjoy in a decade an *absolute* preponderance economically over Western Europe unless energetic action is taken in Western industrial countries. Not only so; it would appear that the Russian 1955 consumption targets in wheat, potatoes and fats are higher than actual French consumption in 1951; indeed, in most foodstuffs Russian consumption per head is probably *already* higher than the average consumption in Italy. (Russian targets for sugar and protein foods are still substantially below the French levels, the comparable calorific intake being secured by inferior foods.) Moreover, though the 1955 estimate for consumption of wool in Russia is no more than half present French consumption, the consumption of cotton cloth will be substantially higher, and that of boots about equal. No doubt, the Russian figures conceal substantial *quality* differences in favour of Western Europe, which benefits, in addition, from a vast accumulated capital of consumer goods, such as household equipment. Nevertheless, the approach of Russian consumption standards to actual Western European standards is startlingly rapid if we take into account the abysmally low level from which they started. What is even more striking is that, by 1955, energy-output per head in Russia will be only 20 per cent. lower than the 1951 French output, while steel consumption per head will be slightly above the French figure, sustained as it is only by substantial American aid.

The psychological effects of this development are bound to be momentous. Russian consumption, historically wretched, now begins to approach a tolerable level. On the other hand, Western European consumption per head has not risen substantially in the last twenty years. Simultaneously, while the combined expenditure on Defence and investment in the U.K. and the U.S. is slightly below 30 per cent. of national income, in Russia it seems recently to have been at least 40 per cent., and perhaps more, though it is difficult to say how much more because of the great obstacles in translating Russian national income figures into Western convention.

What follows? We must face the fact that the Russians have proved able, and may continue to prove able, to maintain a high rate of expenditure both on armaments and civilian capital development, *pari passu* with an increasing standard of life. Though the latest reduction in consumer prices points to some decrease in the tempo of investment and rearmament, commitments on long-term projects—e.g. afforestation—in the new Five Year Plan have actually increased.

Fortunately for us, the gap still remaining between Russian and Western European productivity leaves us some time to readjust our policy. The Soviet "miracle" appears, so far as can be judged, to be the result of planning in a substantial heavy industrial sector, combined with a slight, and strictly controlled, inflationary stimulus, maintained not by increasing money wages but by cutting money prices. The beneficial results of this system could no doubt be reproduced in Britain's mixed economy. They are not the result of the political repression. But we must find ways to avoid speculative movements of capital and speculative fluctuations of commodity stocks. We must also keep price movements within strict limits, to safeguard a tolerable stability of wages. As it is, by concentrating exclusively on the military side of the problems posed by the rise of the Soviet, we are in danger of falling into a trap. Defence programmes based on purely military appreciations of the strength of the Red Army and Air Force are leading to a decrease in Western Europe's civilian capital investment—especially in Britain and France—which is accelerating the date when Soviet productive capacity in the most important heavy goods will surpass that of Western Europe absolutely and even per head of the population. In that event, the rapidity of Soviet progress is bound to exercise a fatal attraction for those areas of the world—in Africa and Asia—which are less well endowed with natural resources and capital equipment, and to which Western conceptions of "democracy" have little meaning or appeal. If the picture of growing Russian strength and prosperity is to contrast with restrictive policies and economic stagnation in the West, the political challenge of Russia may be difficult to answer.

THOMAS BALOGH

London Diary

'TWAS August and the clever coves did sport and headline in the Fleet . . . In brief, the silly season was with us again and we could be happy with cricket, a nice murder or two, a disappearing rector, a pretty splash of bathing belles and similar cheese-cake. Fate decreed otherwise. Always, it seems to me in August, politics, usually of the most menacing kind, rear their ugly head. It began in 1914 and has been going on ever since. I recall at random the gold standard crisis and the National Government in 1931, the Abyssinian and Spanish war crises, the Czech crisis of 1938, and, most vividly of all, the brilliant August sunshine in 1939 as the news grew daily more menacing until the children, hot and wide-eyed, climbed out of the evacuation buses each with a sandwich and gas mask. 1953 confirms the rule. I do not only refer to the French strikes, which have that amorphous, comprehensive and unpredictable appearance that has so often foreshadowed a coming revolution. I mean even more the meeting of the U.N. Assembly next week where the British representatives have their chance of upsetting a time-table which, as at present laid down, would make general war in the Far East begin just about next Christmas or New Year. One of the troubles of such crises in August is the difficulty of mobilising leaders who, with a heart-felt sigh of relief, have sought a little certainly well-earned rest, usually as far away from Westminster as possible. Things are even worse than usual this year with Sir Winston on short time, Mr. Eden still out of harness, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Aneurin Bevan bathing in the Adriatic, and Mr. Morrison (I hope) drinking good schnapps in Stockholm. But I am sure that those M.P.s who are trying to get Parliament recalled are right and that all those who have been concerned with Peace with China must start re-mobilising their forces for an autumn campaign to oppose Mr. Syngman Rhee's war.

* * *

In Egypt the other day I had the now rare experience of an argument with a Soviet citizen. He said he was not a Party member, but I could not see what difference it could have made to his views if he had been. After some talk about the arrest of Beria I asked him whether he thought all people executed in purges were always guilty? It was officially admitted in the case of the doctors that mistakes could be made; might not other mistakes have been made which were only discovered after the accused were dead? What, I said, of the case of Bukharin and many others who died in the great purge of the Thirties? He was sure they were all traitors. But, I argued, Yagoda, the Chief of the Police who prepared the charges against them, was himself afterwards executed as a traitor and plotter and bearer of false witness. Why should anyone believe in the guilt of men who were done to death by a traitor? After some hesitation my Soviet acquaintance produced the superb argument that Yagoda and the police were not responsible for these executions; the Party had known the treachery of Bukharin and his comrades; Yagoda was merely "the instrument of Soviet justice." Finding me unconvinced, the Russian wanted to know what about all the starving unemployed in England and America and what about the lynching of Negroes?

* * *

This is a familiar Soviet gag. Both I and Dorothy Thompson (who was also present at the discussion) tried to explain that our complaint was not that mistakes and injustices sometimes took place in the U.S.S.R., as elsewhere, but that no one protested against injustices or tried to prevent the mistakes by demanding "due process of law." In America a steady stream of protests had had so much effect that lynching was now a rare occurrence. When we said that the unemployed did not starve in the West nowadays, the Russian obviously thought we were lying. When he was told that they received unemployment benefit, he said that must be untrue because if they received money for not working, they would not work. At this point the railway journey came to an end and I do not know if it had been longer whether he could have been convinced that Western capitalism, with all its evils, is no longer exactly what it was in the time of Dickens. He could not believe that any criticism of the purges could be explained except by sheer anti-Soviet prejudice; I, for instance, clearly could not be genuinely angry because honest men with whom I had worked in the days of the Popular Front had been murdered. Dorothy Thompson was surprised and delighted to find that anyone with so Left a reputation as Critic was ready to argue so strenuously against Soviet injustice. I was less pleased, for though I agreed with her when she denounced people who believed they were infallible and denied critics free speech or a free trial, I found, when we discussed McCarthyism, that she was but scarcely more tolerant or alive to the issues of liberty than our Soviet friend himself,

If it had not been for *I. F. Stone's Weekly* (this is a four-page information sheet published from 301, E. Capitol Street, S.E. Washington, 3, D.C.) I should not have known that there was a serious danger of the new McCarran Bill becoming law, and, even perhaps, being held as constitutional. The object is, in effect, to compel a witness to incriminate himself; it is really a way of getting round the Fifth Amendment which so many witnesses now plead before the McCarthy Committee. The witness would be given immunity from prosecution as the result of his self-incrimination. He would then be compelled, under pain of gaol for contempt, to answer all questions, even though in doing so he would incriminate other people. In Mr. Stone's phrase, it would "create an unwilling army of informers . . . Going to gaol for contempt would be the only recourse left for conscientious objectors to Congressional inquisition."

* * *

I was grateful to *The Times* for its welcome innovation giving the full ten columns of Malenkov's speech. One of the passages where "applause" is recorded dealt with the cold war in chess. Malenkov recalled a recent incident in which Washington would not allow Soviet chess players, invited last July to New York to play against an American team, "to relax in the summer house of the Soviet U.N. representative at Glencoe, 12 miles from New York." Behold, he said, thousands of foreign guests, including Americans, are wandering about the Soviet Union as far afield as Tashkent and Kiev! "Who, after all this, dares to babble about an iron curtain in the Soviet Union?" A charming bit of political warfare by a Government which selects its visas and confines its areas of travel as carefully as Russia! The American restriction on the Soviet chess masters was, of course, silly. Indeed, the State Department had second thoughts and removed the restriction, only to find that, by that time, the Russians had, very naturally, taken umbrage and refused the invitation altogether. Actually, if I remember rightly an occasion when Soviet players failed to arrive in this country, it was the Russians who began the cold war in chess. And there have been some odd recent incidents. Only the other day, in the junior world championship, the first prize would almost certainly have gone to the young Russian master Spasky, if he'd been allowed to play. He did not enter because one of the other contestants was young Yvkov, a Yugoslav! In short, I agree with Malenkov that a cultural cold war is ludicrous, whether waged by Americans or Russians.

* * *

From time to time one reads in the newspapers about a retired naval commander, stationed at Streatham, who uses his car in the West End "wholly or mainly for the purpose of advertising." Within three miles of Charing Cross this is forbidden by the Minister of Transport. It is not quite clear what he means by advertising. He allows it on buses and vans because they "wholly or mainly" carry passengers or goods. He refuses to allow it on vehicles that are no more than high-speed sandwich-men. I've seen one van shaped like a bottle of sauce and another like a Spanish onion; but they have goods inside and that's what they are mainly for. The Streatham sailor drives a car "surmounted" (said a policeman at Bow Street) "by a mast and flags, and bearing slogans urging women to walk to rule on pedestrian crossings." Why? Well, if they want equal pay . . .

"Fined £3," said the Magistrate. "And four guineas costs. I honestly advise you to chuck it." But the Commander is a determined and resourceful feminist; he is in earnest about this equal pay business. A year ago at Bow Street he was stoutly maintaining that a car with a sail on top, and equal pay placards all over it, was not "advertising." An advertiser was a man selling things, not a propagandist. What about the Salvation Army? But this is an uncomfortable analogy. You must keep the equal pay question separate in your mind from the wages of sin.

CRITIC

THE WEDGE

The South Korean Pact, now an accomplished fact,
America from all restraint sets free;
Sixteen United Nations
Make binding declarations
Delivering U.N. to Syngman Rhee.

Though U.N. makes its aim to fit into the frame
All different forms of treaty, bond or pledge—
Triangular, diagonal,
Bilateral, Pentagonal,
Its framework would be splintered by a wedge.

The thick end or the thin, though cunningly wedged in
Must finally the superstructure shift;
But U.N. stands committed,
The wedge must now be fitted,
For South Korea must not be cast adrift.

U.N. must now present this wedge-shaped instrument
And over it that tarnished banner drape,
Some spacious means devising
For plausibly disguising
The awkward implications of its shape.

No breach must show between U.N. and the Sixteen,
Nor from America U.N. divide;
But this inept transaction
Compels collective action
If U.S. fights on South Korea's side.

The Member Powers protest all policy must rest
Upon the firm foundations of U.N.,
But sixteen separate pledges
Look very much like wedges,
And when the firm foundation cracks, what then?

America replies to her outraged Allies
That everything is just as it should be—
U.N. is not disgraced
But on the States is based,
While the States are firmly based on Syngman Rhee.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Mrs. Mary MacGregor, a London tourist stranded [by the strike] outside Gare du Nord, said: "From now on I will never leave British soil."—*Evening Standard.* (X.Y.Z.)

I celebrate this August my 50th anniversary as a letter writer to the Press; my first letter having been published on August 1, 1903.

My total printed is now 4,511.—Letter in *Sunday Dispatch.* (D. Parsons.)

If in our conduct we play "cricket" we shall not be so far from Christianity, and we hope it will long remain edifying to see such headlines as "Norfolk, b Edinburgh . . 4."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.* (Edward Quinn.)

Just over a year ago I was averaging thirty-two cups of tea a day. Then I cut down to seventeen cups a day. Recently I cut down again, and I now average twelve cups a day.—Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (Thelma Villiers.)

Fans at Glasgow White City speedway track are complaining that there isn't enough smell about the dirt track now that odourless fuel is used in the bikes.

The smell, apparently, creates atmosphere. So the management has arranged for an old car, filled with the crudest oil one can get, to run around the track before and after each race.—*Daily Mail.* (E. Cromey.)

Socialist holidays in Socialist guest house. "Noblesse Oblige."—Advt. in *New Statesman & Nation.* (A. B. Johnston.)

The Lion Caged

[The writer of this article has been *News Chronicle* correspondent in India since 1946, and has frequently visited Kashmir. He gives his personal interpretation of last week's events.]

THE paradox of Kashmir is that so many actions designed to influence the State's future status produce results directly opposite to those intended. The Pakistan leaders who sent in tribesmen to capture the State for them drove it into the arms of India, and conferred on Indian troops the prestige of saviours of the populace from loot, rape and murder. By demanding Kashmir's complete integration with India without any opportunity for its people to express their wishes, Hindu extremists (whose hidden aim has been the restoration of the deposed Maharajah) revived the fears of the overwhelmingly Muslim majority and defeated ex-Prime Minister Sheikh Abdullah's efforts to keep them persuaded that a limited association with India would be in the best interests of Kashmir. Now the dismissal of Sheikh Abdullah and his replacement by his more tractable Deputy, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, in so far as it is intended to make Kashmir's accession complete, is more likely to destroy India's chances of retaining Kashmir, should the promised plebiscite be held.

Abdullah, the popular idol of Kashmir, might have carried the plebiscite for India. Among Bakshi's fellow-Muslims there are more that fear him than love him, and he could never carry a plebiscite for India, without intimidation. But then Bakshi has always derided the idea of a plebiscite, and has been scornful of the United Nations' mediatory activities and suspicious of foreign interference. If Nehru were hopeful of any agreed settlement of the Kashmir problem which dispensed with the plebiscite to which all the interested parties are pledged, the change of Government in Srinagar would give him a freer hand; but if he maintains his declared intention to have the issue settled ultimately by a plebiscite, Bakshi will be much more difficult to reconcile to the idea than Abdullah was. And Nehru makes it clear that he will stand by the assurances that have been given.

Because the change of Government—if it survives the wrath of a populace devoted to Abdullah, the "Lion of Kashmir"—appears at the moment to strengthen India's position, there is dismay in Pakistan, and Nehru is accused of complicity. His declaration that his advice was neither sought nor given must be accepted without reservation, but there is little doubt that he could have prevented the coup, if he had thought it proper or expedient to intervene. It is known that he had lost patience with his old comrade Abdullah; but that had happened before, and their differences had been patched up. Events drove Abdullah to try to win more independence for the Kashmiris, consistent with adhesion with India, and this made Nehru's task of keeping the Hindu extremists in check more arduous. When Dr. Mookerjee, Leader of the Opposition in the Indian Parliament, died whilst under detention

in Kashmir, the extreme Hindus went all out for Abdullah's blood. What has been achieved is his replacement by Bakshi, on whom, as Home Minister, fell the responsibility for Mookerjee's arrest and his treatment under detention.

Although Abdullah was losing favour in Indian eyes, the fundamental reason for his conflict with his colleagues and the immediate cause of his downfall were something entirely different. It is true, as announced by his successor, that his Government's prestige was declining because of "corruption, nepotism, inefficiency and waste," but it was because Abdullah was too gentle with the old comrades who were culpable that, by the time he felt ready to take strong measures, their intrigues against him had reached such a stage that they were able to defy and overthrow him. Those remaining in power include the very individuals against whom charges of corruption have, rightly or wrongly, been hurled. Such profitable contracts have fallen into the hands of the new Prime Minister's family that enemies of the regime have labelled it "the Bakshi Brothers' Corporation." Abdullah's brother-in-law has always been sure of a well-rewarded job. (Those who may be inclined to sneer smile indulgently when it is a question of jobs for the in-laws of a British Prime Minister or of an American President.)

There could scarcely be a greater contrast between the personalities of two men than between Abdullah and Bakshi. The ex-Premier is shy, tolerant, idealistic, persuasive, and a sincere adherent to Gandhian principles. The new Premier is tough, assertive, ruthless, a man of the "stand-no-nonsense" school. . . . Both are personable over-six-footers: Abdullah bespectacled (following prison privations), studious looking; Bakshi a broad-shouldered man of action with a decidedly Roman nose. In many ways Bakshi is a refreshing character to encounter in the East—a man of decision, energetic action and efficiency. He is of the stuff of which dictators are made. One of his first steps when Kashmir won popular government was to broaden the main streets of the old capital. Slums were demolished, new buildings erected and good roads laid in a matter of weeks. Profiteers were first warned and, on repeatedly offending, were publicly horsewhipped by Bakshi himself. When the tribesmen invaded and looters were caught, Bakshi staged a public trial on a mountainside. The miserable wretches were forced to empty their sacks of loot before the enraged peasantry and Bakshi called upon the audience to pass sentence. "Shoot them right away!" was the cry. He decided that the executions should take place later, in a more orderly manner, away from the public gaze.

It is interesting that, in dishing Abdullah, the Kashmiris copied an example set by Pakistan. There Nazimuddin was sacked from the Premiership by the man he had made Governor-General. In Kashmir, Abdullah was dismissed by the Hindu he had persuaded his colleagues to make Head of this Muslim State. He also happened to be the son of the Maharajah he had deposed.

In the absence of exact knowledge, a good deal of imagination has coloured reports of these events. Adlai Stevenson's recent visit to Kashmir lent credence to Bakshi's assertion that Abdullah had been fishing for American support for independence for Kashmir. One agency reported that the Sheikh was arrested when fleeing to Pakistan. His life, however, would not be worth a moment's purchase if he ventured to set foot in Pakistan, where he is reviled as the man who has offered Kashmir for sale to India. The Pakistanis have now found out that they were wrong in calling him Nehru's tool.

NORMAN CLIFF

Challenge to Britain

VI. The Burden of Defence. (*Concluded*)

In last week's article I tried to adumbrate the lines of a new Commonwealth Defence policy based on the principle of free association. Such a policy will not immediately or automatically get rid of all our commitments of the old style Imperial type. Each case will have to be most carefully considered on its merits. For example, there are Colonies which have not reached the stage of development at which the issue of self-government can usefully be posed. Such Colonies involve some military commitments, though not usually of an important size. Nor does such a Commonwealth policy mean that we should or can yield to particular acts of insurrection (such as, for example, the insurrection of the Communists of Malaya) on the part of groups who have even less right to speak for the mass of the inhabitants of the territory involved than we have. In Malaya, in particular, we seem only too likely to have to bear a considerable military burden for some time yet.

However, the "Free Commonwealth" approach I have tried to define is relevant in Malaya too. Experience is demonstrating a conclusion which I tentatively formed as a result of having to study the Malayan situation when I was Secretary of State for War and during a brief visit to Malaya. In the end, the insurrection can only be finally put down by Malayans of all three races themselves. It will be done not merely by political reforms but also by steadily building up, battalion by battalion, the Malay Regiment and by forming battalions from Chinese and Indian Malayans—or, better still, mixed battalions. If the job cannot be done this way, it cannot be done at all. Therefore it will not only be possible, it will be indispensable to final success, progressively to transfer the military task in Malaya to formations of the three races, Malays, Chinese and Indian, which now inhabit the peninsula. This will undoubtedly involve their ability to choose their own future, including their association with the Commonwealth; but this, too, is indispensable.

The great opportunity, however, for the redeployment of our forces lies, not in the Far East, but in the Middle East. The real purpose for which we station 80,000 men in Egypt is to attempt to maintain our old Imperial position in the Middle East. For reasons which I have expressed in the House of Commons in detail, there can be no reasonable doubt that what we in fact are doing by our present policy is to make Britain's whole position in the Middle East impossible. We are doing the one thing which makes it impossible for Britain to assume in this vital area the position of friendly and influential associate which she has largely succeeded in assuming in South and South-East Asia, and is moving towards in West Africa.

In exactly the same way the presence of those 80,000 British troops on Egyptian soil irrevocably prevents our building up in the Middle East an alliance of States capable of forming a first line of defence against aggression from Russia. Such an alliance, backed by the full force of the mobile reserves of the Nato Powers—and these, without any need of stationing them on Egyptian soil, can be deployed there long before the possible arrival of substantial forces from the North—is in fact the only way in which the Middle East can be protected. (In my opinion Turkey will in the end prove the substantial ally, and provide the effective base, in the area.) Of course, we must, and it is now clear that we can, make businesslike arrangements for the maintenance of the fixed equipment of the Canal base: but again, it has now become clear that we can never come to such arrangements while we station troops on Egyptian soil.

Here is the main field for the application of the policy of transforming our old forcibly maintained Imperial position, not in this case into a free association within the Commonwealth—for neither Egypt nor the other Middle Eastern States have ever, nominally, been our Colonies—but into allies. It is an almost unbearable tragedy that 80,000 of our splendid young troops and some Air Forces are being forced to exist in the most adverse conditions imaginable in the Canal Zone, faced neither with full war-like operations nor with genuinely peaceful conditions. Through no fault of their own they are being woefully misused. This, in fact, is the glaring instance where the application of the approach to Defence policy here suggested can bring about an immediate and substantial re-deployment of our forces. As that re-deployment is effected, the outlines of a Defence concept suitable for Britain in the present period will become apparent.

The essential military principle of such new dispositions would be concentration. The one task that, admittedly, cannot be performed by powerful, mobile, mechanised land, sea and air forces concentrated in the United Kingdom and Western Europe is the forcible assertion of an old style Imperial position. That requires bayonets on the spot. But if we are determined progressively to abandon the attempt to maintain such a position, there is everything to be said for concentrating our Defence resources. Particular formations may be stationed in Germany, or, indeed, anywhere in Western Europe, instead of in the United Kingdom, as Nato considerations dictate. That is nowadays a mere local variation of the principle of concentration. If, however, we can achieve the concentration of the great bulk of our forces in a highly mobile "mass of manoeuvre" based on the United Kingdom and North-west Europe, they will be incomparably more effective than they are now for their real purpose of enabling the Commonwealth to hold its own in the world.

The advantages of such a concentration of force are very considerable. First, as and when it can be effected, the problem of the period of National Service becomes soluble. The two-year period has nothing to do with providing either active or reserve forces for our Nato obligation. We had to introduce it because there was no other way of providing the tens of thousands of men needed for our *distant* overseas commitments. The National Service man today is not, after his first six months, primarily there to be trained. He is providing manpower for the commitments in the Far and Middle East which our present Defence policy entails. A period of one year's National Service would be amply long enough, both for all training purposes, and for providing some of the needed manpower for Nato purposes. The men for the remaining distant commitments would then have to be found from the Regulars, as they ought to be, and with a great economy in "movements." The Labour Party should announce that a reduction of the period of National Service by stages to one year, as a part of a review of our Defence policy as a whole, will be an urgent objective of the next Labour Government.

The build-up of the reserves would be more, not less, rapid with the shorter period of National

Service. Both the size and the quality of our trained reserves are a matter of the first importance. Anyone who is serious about the need for Britain to command effective force in the world to-day must be concerned about the shortness of the annual training period. As and when the period of National Service is reduced to one year, the Labour Party should seriously consider increasing the annual training obligation to twenty-one days.

Again, the above redefinition of the tasks and commitments of our armed forces will indicate the true roles of the R.A.F. and the R.N. They will be to provide the air and sea elements in a highly mobile, concentrated "mass of manœuvre": in the case of the R.A.F. to safeguard the home base and threaten the enemy's base: in the case of the Navy, not to provide a Line of Battle, but to see that the convoys come in. Civilian Ministers must leave to the Chiefs of Staff the question of the technical changes which such redefinitions might involve. Nor is there much point in talking about the money figure to which the Defence estimates might be held down: there are too many unknown factors, both in the movement of prices and in changes in the world situation. But again the basic reconsideration of our Defence policy recommended above will at least open the way to a reduction in Defence expenditure from the present 14 per cent. of the national income, which is unprecedented in peace-time, to a more normal figure.

It will, of course, be said that a Defence policy based on the above defined principle of free Commonwealth association, instead of Imperialism, is simply a policy of cutting our commitments by means of abandoning the Empire. If by the Empire is meant our old, forcibly maintained, Imperial position, then the Labour Party should reply with the utmost firmness that, yes, its policy is now, as it always has been, to abandon this type of Imperialism; that there is no part of the record of the Labour Government of which we are more proud than its work in successfully transforming by far the major part of our old Empire into a free Commonwealth; that the next Labour Government intends steadily to pursue such a policy. Moreover, such a policy will alone make possible rational Defence dispositions, the cost of which, in terms of both men and money, will be compatible with the strength and independence of Britain.

JOHN STRACHEY

Back to Life

I.—INDUSTRIAL REHABILITATION UNITS.

I ASKED ten people if they knew what the Welfare State is doing for its permanently disabled citizens. Four referred me to a scheme for the compulsory acceptance of cripples as lift-men, two thought there must be some official source supplying disabled attendants to car-park companies, one mentioned invalid carriages supplied by the Ministry of Pensions, and the remaining three supposed it was a matter for the Public Assistance Board. One of these three called it "the National Health Board" because he was a general medical practitioner.

Too few people, in fact, know about the Industrial Rehabilitation Units of the Ministry of Labour and National Service. They might become better known if they got Sir Ernest Gowers to think of a better name for them; but to go and see them is to feel that one should shout from the house-tops about them. It must have seemed to the men drafting the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act of 1944 under the daily shower of V.1s and V.2s that the war was likely to leave a high proportion of the civilian population permanently maimed or invalid. It was known, from the success in training disabled Service men in the Government Instructional Factories from 1917 onwards, that severe physical disablement and even intense neuroses could be almost overcome by training in new skills and the use of artificial aids. And when the "industrial resettlement schemes" of the first World War came to an end in 1924, the much-abused Vocational Training Plan was evolved to take up the mounting burden of the unemployed. Right through the years of the depression in the "land fit for heroes," the "unemployed training centres" aroused bitter and unfounded scepticism as the symbols of a bureaucratic plan for the "direction of labour," the re-location of industry and the break-up of families. When rearmament arrived in 1938, the main purpose of the centres became the training of able-bodied men and women to make munitions of war; that training was now seen as the stepping stone to good jobs in industry; and most of the rancour was forgotten. But some of it remains, nourished by the incradicable suspicion that "they" don't give something for nothing, that the working man, if no fool, should expect to find a catch in all that they do. For years the natural amphitheatre for protest meetings of the unemployed was "outside the training centre." The buildings themselves, single-storied, severely functional, plastered with Government notices, have had a generation of ill-will to live down.

In 1943 the Tomlinson Committee (on "the Rehabilitation and Resettlement of Disabled Persons") drove home one of the lessons of the war—the scope for a reconditioning service that would get people fit for work after prolonged sickness; and the Act provided in the following year that there should be "Industrial Rehabilitation Courses" for people unable to stand up to normal working conditions because of sickness, accident, or long unemployment.

I have been visiting some of the Centres where this process goes on. There are fifteen of them in different parts of the country, only one—at Egham, in Surrey—being wholly residential. They are called Industrial Rehabilitation Units—I.R.U.s for short; and I hope I shall not strain credulity too far when I record that members of those Units are called rehabilitees. Printed notices on the walls say that "Rehabilitees are reminded" of this or that obligation or amenity of membership. I mention these notices because they convey a first impression of frosty poor-law Bumbledom that is entirely false. The staff at an I.R.U. is composed of kindly enthusiasts (I saw no exception, and looked almost avidly for one) with an astonishing flair, sometimes natural and sometimes acquired, for the treatment of physical, nervous, and psychological convalescence. It occurred to me once or twice that some pathological conditions are not to be jollied along by the heavy-footed jocosity of the parade-ground, but only once or twice—and only, I am sure, to me. But there is no reason on earth why their pupils should not be called "members" of the Unit, and ample reasons, of humanity and decency, why they should be spared an epithet like rehabilitee.

They escape being called "trainees" because the I.R.U. course does not pretend to train anyone for a trade. Its purpose is to restore the capacity *and the will* to be trained, which may then be turned to good account either at a Government Training Centre (attached, as a rule, to the "I.R.U." and managed by the same man), or at a "Remploy" factory, where the "unemployable" find that they can, after all, be employed in the minor handicrafts and industries. It has quite lately been found, by the way, that a large proportion of the once-chronic "unemployables," including the hard core written off as work-shy, are curable neurotics, literally disabled by worry and melancholy.

People who take an I.R.U. course are usually sent to the Units from hospitals, but sometimes they go directly from industrial firms in whose employment they have become ill or sustained injury. There remain the considerable number admitted at the suggestion of family doctors, but I have repeatedly been told, in conversation with members of the units, that many doctors simply do not know that the scheme exists. "My doctor treated me at home for eleven years," I was told by one man with rheumatoid arthritis—he was operating with incredibly distorted hands a bench-mounted shaping machine; "and in the end it was our postman who told me about these places. I got myself on to the Disabled Persons Register at the Labour Exchange and I was here in a couple of weeks." His case was more lucky than typical, for the waiting list is never one that can be disposed of in a couple of weeks. But my own inquiries have led me to believe that if the doctors don't know about the Rehabilitation Units it is not the fault of the Ministry of Labour's publicity services, and reflects no lack of liaison with the Ministry of Health. It must be because the doctors are too busy to read official memoranda or their own periodicals.

In April, 1952, the Select Committee on Estimates reported on the Government's schemes for "Training, Rehabilitation, and Resettlement." It had some sharp things to say about Government Training Centres and sharper ones about Remploy factories—with certain lamentable consequences to which I will return in further articles. But it said of the I.R.U.s that it was "most impressed with the value of the scheme as a whole and the efficiency with which it was run," and it was "abundantly satisfied that the technique of rehabilitation as practised at the Units is successful."

The technique is in fact successful by any standard, but the officially accepted results depend on ex-members' responses to follow-up enquiries three months and six months after they have completed the course and gone out to industry or to handicraft at home. Eighty-five per cent. are known to be "satisfactorily resettled" six months after leaving, sixty-three per cent. having been placed in jobs within the first three months. And of those who go on to Government Training Centres to be actually trained in new skills for industry or commerce, eighty-five per cent. satisfactorily complete six months' training.

The beneficiaries of all this cost us from £7 to £10 a week, but the married men would cost us little less on public assistance and family allowances. I remember, in this context, that in 1920 I knew a paralysed man of fifty who had never been thought fit for one day's work, and who died of melancholia in the house he had never left except by wheeled chair. What I have just seen convinces me that he could have been trained in watch and clock repairing, tailoring, draughtsmanship, basket-making—any one of a dozen sedentary trades—at an I.R.U. if such places had existed. He would have acquired, as I.R.U. members are doing today, a sense of usefulness that he had never known and a self-respect that would have transformed his life and personality. As it was, we went on pitying him until it was time to bury him.

I didn't set out to praise the I.R.U. system as I was to find it in operation, however beneficent the idea behind it. I listened carefully to all the courteous and well-rehearsed official expositions, hoping to catch the euphemism here, the evasion

there, stonewalling during the frequent patches of enthusiasm, peering snoopily at canteens and workshops, lavatories and gymnasiums, machine-tools and remedial apparatus. I found out where "rehabilitees" lived and talked to them privately, almost soliciting complaints; but I heard only two. One was that a man had been left for a whole day filing bolts to fit into a small block of metal (an "exercise," a thing of no utility whatever) without having any idea why he was doing it. The other was that the custard was cold last Tuesday. The official answers seemed to be, first, that you must leave a man at a job for a little while to see what his bent or aptitude may be when he is not being "bossed around," and secondly that the custard was meant to be cold last Tuesday. No one complained—as I should—of being called a rehabilitee. But I have reached the independent conclusion that this rehabilitation course, this first step in the physical and psychological salvation of people who must otherwise wither in their own homes, or in public institutions, is not merely a logical feature of a community health service: it is a thing we can be unreservedly proud of—provided we know that it exists.

C. H. ROLPH

The Decline of Journalese

THE parents of journalism were the orator and the spy, and the beginnings of its language owed much to each. The editorial writer thundered; the purveyor of intelligence insinuated.

Both, in order to flatter their enlightened readers, their unimpeachable sources, and themselves, used the most elegant language possible. The result was that journalese began as an impure form of elaborate English, to become later a sort of clerkish dialect, with a glossary and almost a comic grammar of its own. Those whose interest in newspapers goes back beyond the nineteen-twenties remember journalese at its apogee. Its forms had become fixed, its usage accepted, and its lexicon of clichés (a term which the trade itself had given to Mother English) covered almost every predictable human situation. The customary use of the stereotyped phrase, long since satirised by O. Henry in "Callaway's Code," had become a popular jest, but at the same time an established institution.

Journalese was a language you had to learn, if you wanted to see what was going on in the world through the mirror of the press. You learned that a tragedy was neither a sacred chant, nor a dramatic form, but any sudden or violent death. You had to learn about sensations, which might vary in nature from a sensation on the waterfront (next door to an angry scene) to a sensation in society, which had something of the quality of the scandal that shocked our grandfathers. By the Twenties, the term scandal was more likely to be confined to the iniquities of bureaucracy, along with crying injustices and flagrant wastes of public money.

There were also developments, which might transpire, or might startle informed opinion. They might even spur the authorities to belated action, and make them regret their lukewarm attitude and their cheese-paring financial policies. But on the whole, developments were expected, or awaited with avid interest. For the purest journalese preferred the passive voice. Action was called for, storms were experienced, and intelligence was said to have been received in the highest quarters. The ornamental phraseology of the scribes of yore (as they might have put it) had by now been largely relegated to the sporting pages, where one might still find the racing fraternity manifesting unprecedented interest in a thoroughbred that bore all the hall-marks of a phenomenal animal. It had not entirely disappeared from the gossip columns, where a well-known Silk might yet be observed in solemn conclave with a distinguished Thespian. But the news pages depended more and more on their own jargon, enriched by borrowings from those of all the other crafts and mysteries, as in the bombshell statement or the barrage of questions.

It was the need for speed that killed the old journalese, which had flourished almost unchanged in essentials from mid-Victorian days to the nineteen-twenties. Readers required to be given the essentials of each story in the headlines and the introductory paragraphs. Mere skill of compression did not suffice, though it was developed in a remarkably high degree. We had also to change the language. The desire to use the biggest possible type (and therefore the fewest and shortest words) in headlines helped to create a new jargon. America led here, and there will probably never be a better example of headline compression than the classic achievement by the sub-editors of *Variety*, the American show-business paper, which conveyed the news that the country districts of the United States objected to films portraying their citizens as comical rustic figures in the headline:

STICKS NIX HICKS PICS.

For a long time, British and dominion newspapers held out, even in the headlines, for the passive voice, and went on ponderously announcing "63 KILLED IN AIR CRASH" while their American colleagues flashed out the news: "WRECK SLAYS 63." We never, as far as I know, reached the point of dropping the subject noun altogether, as the Americans do in the form "SLATE 10 AS REDS." From the headlines, the short words descended into the body-matter. An investigation became a probe, a principal official a chief, a campaign (older journalese) a drive, and a policy a plan. Speed imposed itself not only on the recording of events but, according to the press, on the events themselves. The mildest acceleration of official activity was liable to be reported as "plans rushed to halt trams bottleneck" (or, in later, grimmer times, "arms bottleneck").

This, then, was the state journalese had reached by the Thirties, when history was preparing to enliven the argot with a putsch to replace (temporarily, as it turned out) the ancient coup, a Munich to match the haggard Waterloo, with a Dunkirk, with the short-lived scuttle and prang and with the longer-lived fifth-column and Quisling. Elaborate phraseology had departed for ever, even from the sporting pages, along with any pretence to appeal to gentle or enlightened readers or to derive from literary sources. Even the leading articles in the literate papers were written in an English much simpler, though no less admirable, than of old, and in the popular press the editorials had surpassed the school primers of our youth in the choice of short words and short sentences, often dispensing with verbs, and sometimes with grammar.

In the news pages we still encountered our old acquaintances tragedy, sensation and inferno, though acid-death or death-fall was generally preferred to the tragic muse; rows cut more ice than sensations, and fires were such poor copy that a blaze would generally do instead of an inferno, particularly where blaze trapped girls. But most of our reading consisted of probes, quizzes, shocks, wage-cut-hints, war-threats, and such terse stuff of the times. We were approaching the ultimate economy of the monosyllabic, though war had still to give us blast for explosion. The new word game provided some amusement, but unfortunately some of the players, in the humourless modern manner of Canasta experts, took it all very seriously. They were, they declared, streamlining the language; they were making the events of the day comprehensible to the many; they were supplying the need of a busy age, and so forth. In fact, of course, they were catering not to a busy age, but to a lazy one.

Since the war, the most up-to-date press jargon is no longer even a debased English, but a sort of ape-mutter compounded of initials, slang and sawn-off technical terms. From D-day to C-day, by way of the A-bomb and the H-bomb, UNO, NATO, TV and 3D, we have reached the point where not only army reservists are Z-men, but all of us. We have slithered down to the end of the alphabet, and over the edge into the abyss, where romantics and semantics alike are lost in the dark. The back-room-boys may have the know-how about most things, but not about this one. The cosh boys have the better of them there; it is their language we must learn. The new tongue is not all gutter cant and laboratory rubbish; the old simplified English keeps coming out of the mill, but so ill-formed as to be meaningless. "WIFE SUES DOCTOR," we read, only to learn in the body of the story that it isn't the doctor's own dame who has brought an action against him; a wife is any married woman. A good old English word, admittedly, but used without good old English common sense. Added to the indigestion caused by this diet of chopped gabble is the nausea of stale American smart-alickry, copied slavishly from the numberless American newspapers that have copied it from *Time* and *Life*. "Ruritania's balding, witch-hunting premier . . ." we read . . . and read . . . and read.

The last horror of the new journalese is purely English in origin. It is not very new in itself, but like all such tricks, it grows with fungoid facility. It is the knowall device of referring to the Place de la Concorde as "The Trafalgar Square of Paris," or to any other place, person or custom abroad by similar idiotic comparisons. A good many readers must know they are idiotic; others will never know. They will form a picture of the world as one vast 3D expanse of monotony, where all that passes can be summed up in

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a mass-produced paragraph of plastic monosyllables. Already, in bars and buses where once the amateur orator held forth in a baroque editorial style, you can hear people actually conversing in the horrid patter learned from their papers. Alas, it is quite adequate to express all the ideas the new journalese can arouse in them. And what to do about it? Brother, I wouldn't know. To me, it's all top secret.

COLIN WILLS

After Alphonse Daudet

EARLY in 1940, in the process of changing from the R.A.F. to the R.N., I had months of nothing to do. We were undergoing the tedium of the phoney war. Chamberlain's Government, in a characteristically fatuous attempt to pretend that nothing was going to happen, permitted the resumption of holidays in France. One was allowed only £10 to change into francs, but that was worth rather more than the present £40. And we were all inclined to believe the advance advertising of mechanical warfare. This was to be the end of civilisation.

Of the civilised places one could reach and see for the last time on £10, we chose Nimes. We might as well enjoy Provence again before being disembowelled or burnt alive to prove that progress was a reality. So we went to Nimes. When we got there, there was an air-raid practice and a total blackout was in force. As a result, we went to the wrong hotel, but it seemed comfortable and the proprietor, a M. Hercule Caréze-Phlobic, struck us a very amiable and obliging man, so we stayed. We were the only guests, and ate *en famille*: very good it was.

M. Caréze-Phlobie was a friendly, sympathetic man and a simple patriot of the kind Alphonse Daudet might have invented. At meal times he said *Nous les aurons*, and *Ils ne passeront pas*, and *Nous gagnerons parceque nous sommes les plus forts*, which was rather tiresome and yet often welcome and reassuring, so that in the end our doubts of these tremendous propositions were dissipated; and when M. Caréze-Phlobie spoke warmly of the fraternal arm of the Royal Navy, we were complacent.

Madame Caréze-Phlobie did not join our mutual admiration society. Dark and Roman, she was a very handsome young woman, an Arlesienne, but rather bad-tempered. Her black hair and eyes were magnificent, and M. Caréze-Phlobie was very fond of her, very uxorious and a little afraid of her. She was businesslike, and if she had any opinions on the war, she did not utter them. She did not approve of her husband's familiarity with us, and when, after several glasses of Armagnac, he offered us the use of his car to visit the Pont du Gard and Montmajour, she was annoyed with him and sulked all day.

When the Germans drove into Belgium and offered battle to the French we were all very surprised. M. Caréze-Phlobie spoke warmly of the Maginot Line and the Royal Navy and said *Ils ne passeront pas*, but he agreed that we had better go home while it was possible. After paying our bill we had little money left, but we had our return tickets. The evening before our departure M. Caréze-Phlobie came to us and asked us how much money we had. Surprised, we told him. He explained that he had received news from the North which disturbed him: transport was impeded by refugees; our journey might not be of the easiest, and we might need more money. He would give us back the sum of our bill. We refused. He insisted, and it was finally agreed that we should take the money and credit the amount to him, from London, through the bank.

In the event, the journey was difficult. It took four days, and we did not get any sleep or food, and when we reached home, it turned out to be impossible to remit money. There was nothing to be done until 1945. Then we wrote to M. Caréze-Phlobie to discover whether he was still alive and in his hotel: if he was, we proposed to seek permission to pay him in sterling. After a delay, his reply reached us. It was a long letter, written with much feeling, in which he gave us an account of his war. He said that he, for one, was "not deceived" as to the identity of the real liberators of France; there was a page about Mr. Churchill. The letter could have been written by the Daudet character already evoked, and M. Caréze-Phlobie ended it by saying that he would not accept a sou of money from an Englishman. What did not France owe to England? Scrawled across the width of the paper beneath the signature were the words *Vive l'Angleterre!*

What were we to think of this letter? The cordiality of an inn-keeper sacrificing a long-abandoned and insignificant sum of money to future goodwill? It did not occur to us. The only thing to do was to read the letter as it seemed to us to have been written—simply. We returned a nice letter thinking up rather French things to say about France, in the manner of 1914. And that seemed to be that.

Last month, being near Nîmes, it occurred to me to pay a visit to M. Caréze-Phlobie. His hotel occupied one side of a small square shaded by very ancient plane trees, and with an old fountain covered with lichens in the middle. When we got there the hotel was as we remembered it; but it had been extended to engross another side of the square, which was now a café newly and glossily furnished in the Tottenham Court Road style of 1935. We felt diffident as we approached and, to postpone the encounter, sat down at one of the café tables. The only other occupant of the café was an immensely fat blonde woman in a tight silk dress, who sat in an old wicker chair with her enormous legs, very shiny in nylons, on a footstool. She turned her head towards the interior of the café, as we sat down, and called a woman to serve us, but when she looked at us she did not smile, indeed she stared very coldly. It was obvious that she knew exactly how little our clothes had cost and how old our car was; she was a "small" middle-class Frenchwoman in business, a formidable type.

While the elderly waitress was setting out our tea things I asked her whether M. Caréze-Phlobie was still the proprietor of the hotel. She said that he certainly was and, with a little simpering, sly look towards the fat lady, added that that was Madame Caréze-Phlobie. I rose. When I looked more carefully, I saw that the eyes were still recognizable. I explained our errand. Madame Caréze-Phlobie listened in silence and with an implacable politeness which was very disconcerting. When I had finished she said, "I recognised you at once, Monsieur," with a certain grimness. I asked after her husband's well-being: she dismissed the subject curtly: he was well, of course, he was always well. Clearly his robust health was a source of offence. As for herself, it was a wonder she still lived: yes, indeed, she had been very ill, a mysterious sickness of which the doctors knew nothing. In any case they were thieves, the doctors; they took one's money for nothing. There were others . . . the war, for instance, first the Germans, then the English, at last the Americans. . . . she named the three nations as if to express a rising scale of affliction.

Madame Caréze-Phlobie got laboriously to her feet and said that she must leave us. She would announce our approach to her husband. And presently, when we had paid for our tea, we went reluctantly across the square to the main building of the hotel. M. Caréze-Phlobie came out on to the steps and there waited for us; or so we should have thought had he not had the air of a man who comes out to look at the weather. He had not changed much. He seemed shorter because he was a little stouter, without being corpulent; his hair was still very fair and he still had a quarter-inch stubble of golden beard while contriving to look well-groomed. He showed his teeth in a casual sketch of a smile.

From just inside the door, in deep shade, Madame Caréze-Phlobie hissed something about his want of self-respect in idling away the whole afternoon; he might at least have bothered to shave. He did not seem to hear. He said "*Enchanté de vois revoir*," while he watched, over our heads, from his position on the top step, a lorry turn into the square. My wife, haltingly, to cover my silence, said something agreeable. "*Trop aimable*," he said, looking past us; and he shouted something at the lorry driver and let his eyes wander about the square. "Well," I said, "Well . . ." He looked at me very briefly, and then away again, saying "*Ainsi, vous êtes de passage dans le pays?*" Something the lorry driver was doing seemed to worry him.

We got away at last, and walked back across the square to the car. "People change," I said, and my wife greeted this profound remark with enthusiasm. As we were getting into the car, we saw Madame Caréze-Phlobie coming towards us across the square; for a woman of her size she was very active. We waited, nervously. Her face was very red and the colour seemed to have got into her eyes. She said: "Monsieur, we have after all overlooked the little matter . . ."

"Of course," I interrupted her, "I had not forgotten. Only . . ."

"My dear sir," she said, "I did not suppose that you had." There was an undertone of irony, and she added, with unmistakable derision, "Word of an Englishman, as they say."

"The amount . . ." she began. I interrupted again to tell it to her, adding, "The difference in the value of the franc, makes that absurd."

"Quite so, Monsieur. I suggest . . ." she named a formidable figure. We could pay it, but with difficulty, for we were on our way home on the fag-end of our allowances. I glanced at my wife, uncertainly. She said: "Pay her, of course. We'll sleep in the bloody car."

I counted the money into Madame Caréze-Phlobie's hand. When she had it safe she said, "Of course, if it is inconvenient just now, there is no hurry. We are not beggars. You could, no doubt, send it from London."

"My dear Madame, not for the world," said my wife. "Only think how we should feel if another war broke out tomorrow!"

EDWARD HYAMS

REFUGEE

Believe him, nothing here is his.
When they released the hounds he had to run
light,
lay foot to earth and be as he was born,
bearing no thing.
That way, when they breasted the hill,
foot was away sooner.

What name did you give him? Never mind,
use that or some other.
Identity went too, the day his father died.
What matter who he is? His nation
is the street of the village where he lived as a child.

MAIRI MACINNES

The Arts and Entertainment

PUTTING BACK THE CLOCK

IN *Anastasia*, the new play which has come to the St. James's via the Windsor Rep. and Television, we may, if we choose, see the triumph of plot over treatment. As a play *Anastasia* is negligible; the dialogue is often laughably trite; the construction is feeble and awkward; the characters have less life in them than a set of wooden puppets. Nor has the theatrecraft expended on this piece done enough to redeem it. The author had apparently not made up his mind about the mode of his play, and the producer has failed to make up his mind for him. The result is that from the males in the cast he has drawn the worst acting I have seen in London for many years. (The blame must go to author and producer because each of the actors in question has shown only comparatively recently what an excellent craftsman he can be.)

A poor play, poorly performed, is this a recipe for success? Apparently so, to judge by the enthusiasm of the second night audience. And the reason is, I think, quite simply that the story itself is so extremely attractive that it triumphs over maltreatment. After the Tsar and his family were murdered by the Bolsheviks in 1917, there was a persistent rumour that one daughter had survived, that she had been left for dead among the heap of bodies and rescued by a faithful servant. If that were true, she would have been the heiress not only to the Romanov throne, but also to the ten million pounds of private fortune which the Tsar had deposited abroad. Suppose, then, a band of White Russian adventurers floating a syndicate to find her, and suppose them to have found, in a mental hospital and suffering from amnesia, a girl who at the very least remarkably resembled her. Suppose all this, and it will be seen at once that the possibilities are almost boundless.

But the job of an author is just to put bounds to the possibilities, and very exact bounds too. That is where this author (or his English adaptor) fails. There are no clear bounds to his territory. His story starts in Ambler-land, meanders through Henzau-reich and finishes up in Novello-staadt; it settles in none of them and is ill at ease in all. My own guess is that it would have gone best in the Anthony Hope tradition, with the wicked really wicked and the good really beautiful, but that was only one of the possibilities which this version seemed to be hinting at without actually achieving. The one successful scene was the attempt to pass off the girl in front of the Dowager Empress of all the Russias. As this last character Miss Helen Haye gave a splendidly rich performance, evocative of every description of Edwardian Court life you have ever read. There is a White Russian niche hidden in almost every middle-aged heart which will respond to the story of Anastasia and Miss Haye's Dowager.

It is for the middle-aged too, presumably, that Mr. Lonsdale's comedy *Aren't We All?* has been revived with such inappropriate splendour at the Haymarket. For it can hardly hope to make much appeal except to the nostalgic. Doubtless in the Twenties, before the rediscovery of Wilde, this pale reflection of him seemed a good deal funnier. It is certainly hard on what must have once been a charming little trifle to bring the big guns of comparison to bear. But with the best will in the world it is impossible not to. This sort of thing was done once and for all in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and that comic masterpiece simply obliterates its small successors. The comparison is all the time inevitably in one's mind, and, by comparison, in *Aren't We All?* the epigrams never quite come up to their promise, the situations just fall short of the full comic surprise, the fantasy never quite succeeds in taking off. This revival, in fact, looks like one of Tennent Productions' rare errors of judgment.

VIRTUOSI OF Violin & Piano

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With the PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA
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Concerto No. 4 in D Minor, Op. 31
Vieuxtemps
◀ BLP 1005

Yehudi Menuhin
With the PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA
Conducted by ANATOLE FISTOULARI
Concerto No. 2 in B Minor, Op. 7
Vieuxtemps
BLP 1018 ▶

Jascha Heifetz
With the LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conducted by SIR MALCOLM SARGENT
Concerto in B Minor, Op. 61
Elgar
◀ ALP 1014

Gioconda de Vito
With the LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conducted by SIR MALCOLM SARGENT
Concerto in E Minor, Op. 64
Mendelssohn
BLP 1008 ▶

Alexander Brailowsky
With the RCA VICTOR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conducted by WILLIAM STEINBERG
Concerto No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 11
Chopin
◀ ALP 1015

Vladimir Horowitz
With the RCA VICTOR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conducted by FRITZ REINER
Concerto No. 3 in D Minor, Op. 30
Rachmaninoff
ALP 1017 ▶

Edwin Fischer
With the PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA
Conducted by WILHELM FURTWÄNGLER
Concerto No. 5 in E Flat, Op. 73
("The Emperor") Beethoven
◀ ALP 1051

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All too persistent, however, with this management is the belief that a sumptuous production will cover up weaknesses. There may I suppose be an audience to be lured in by Mr. Beaton's period mannequin parades, but they have less and less to do with serious theatre, for the promotion of which Tennent Productions Ltd. earn their remission of entertainment tax.

What will give great pleasure to the connoisseur of acting is to watch Mr. Ronald Squire back on familiar ground and playing with all the old elegance of timing and comic relish. And partnered with him, his equal in ease and mastery, Miss Marie Lohr.

T. C. WORSLEY

FASHIONABLE BLINKERS

At the Tate 60 recent acquisitions are on show. They represent a large proportion of the works bought and accepted by the gallery during the last four years. The evidence they give of the Tate's acquisition policy is disturbing and unsatisfactory.

One must admit that it is always easy to decide how other people should spend their money and that the Tate faces many difficult problems. Until recently they had only £2,000 to spend a year: now £6,000, which is still paltry. Many of the works they acquire are gifts. The gallery has the right of refusal and certain opportunities for "guiding" the choice of donors. But this is bound to be a cumbersome process. Also, a lack of space prevents many works being shown and consequently makes it difficult to see or think in terms of the collection as a whole.

Yet notwithstanding all this, the new paintings and sculptures are extremely disappointing. If means are limited, the sensible way of extending and bringing up to date a national and international collection is to acquire representative but lesser known works which make up in quality for what they lack in obvious fame. Thus a collection of the highest standard could be built up, and one which, in time and with the passing of temporary fashionable prejudices, might well include many "important" items. Such a policy, however, requires active (because it is necessary to go out and look for works) and imaginative discrimination. The present selection reveals the opposite: a passive parochial following of fashion (which finally means a lack of any policy at all), a "publicity" reliance, when possible, on big names, and a downright inability to tell the difference between good and bad in simple terms of drawing, composition, and so on.

Let me give a few examples. The present appeal for money to buy Rodin's *Kiss* is typical of the sort of false or sentimental publicity-mindedness I refer to. Certainly it is a famous, if not notorious, work, but why spend £7,500, when money is so short, on buying a copy which was not even carved by Rodin himself, when for the same sum one could buy several far more potent and significant smaller works? Equally, why acquire the large Degas ballet girl with a real tutu—again a worthy work by a genius, but, apart from its curiosity appeal, comparatively less important than the smaller, cheaper, truly great studies of dancers in action? Why two similar, early and rather dull Légers, instead of one good one, and, for instance, a Gromaire, an underestimated companion painter who hasn't a single picture in the gallery? Why a really bad Monet, quite insignificant except for its signature, and a large, particularly clumsy Chirico, when important but lesser known artists like Beckman, Affandi, Permerke, Lorjou, Villon, Adler, Barlach, Bourdelle, Laurens, Wotruba, Guttuso, de Staël, Reverolle, are barely represented, or not at all?

As for the following of local fashions: out of only 60 works there are *two* Francis Bacons, *two* Lucian Freuds, *two* Lynn Chadwicks. Allowing that I am wrong in thinking that these artists all have inflated reputations, three of the works in question are feeble even by their own standards: Bacon's careless, unhypnotic *Study of a Dog*, Freud's inefficiently drawn *Girl with a White Dog*, and Chadwick's banal *Political Prisoner*. (Altogether seven of the *Prisoner* failures have been acquired.) There is also a painting by Alan Reynolds and a sculpture by Elizabeth Frink: both of them highly talented students who have rather dangerously become the rage. Surely it is irresponsible to acquire their works and none that shows the steadier, less spectacular development of artists like Keith Vaughan, Prunella Clough, Peter Lanyon, Josef Herman?

Space prevents me taking other examples. But one can sum up the situation quite easily. Fourteen out of the 60 works are simply bad by the application of standards used in an art school sketch club; 20 reveal a total lack of any sense of proportion, and 16 were probably really worth acquiring. The latter include two Chagalls, two Constables, a Reg Butler, a Merlin Evans, a Juan Gris, a McEvoy water-colour, a Ceri Richards, a Henry Moore, two out of the six Wilson Steers and a William Townsend.

JOHN BERGER

WATCH AND LISTEN

John Grierson had the same idea when he said, of the cinema, its "Realpolitik" requires it to remain close to the masses. But in everyone there exists a Socratic element, a will towards the good and the eternal. The choice is not therefore between a policy which finds people where they are and leaves them there, or one which is so far removed from their speech as to leave us without an audience . . . The choice is between drifting with them, or "barging in" on their Socratic reality.

A talk on social values? A discourse on the aims and principles of the Third? Surprisingly, it is Mr. Kenneth Adam, head of the Light, writing in *The B.B.C. Quarterly* on his attitude to those who largely depend on him for their mental and spiritual sustenance.

And here the radio critic is faced with a difficulty. If he complains that the Light should have a higher standard, he will be told that those who want something better can always turn to the Home or the Third—that he should look at the B.B.C.'s four main services as a whole and not examine the Light alone. The reply should not only be that this would make any intelligent criticism almost impossible. The real answer is that there are people who listen to the Light and to nothing else, partly, no doubt, out of habit, but also because they feel that the Home and, still more, the Third are impossibly beyond their range. Mr. Adam himself admits this. "There are," he says, "undoubtedly many homes where the Light Programme is an inexhaustible, tolerated familiar"—it should, in other words, be seen as a unit on its own, ministering, not always in heavenly tones, to a separate audience that is certainly large and may be vast. No wonder Mr. Adam reminds himself of the "Socratic element" and "the will towards the good and the eternal."

On paper he makes out an impressive case. The Light was started in 1945 and four years later "what may for want of a better word be called 'serious music' had increased its hours by 50 per cent."; by 1953 it had risen by another 20 per cent. Light music, on the other hand, was up by only 8 per cent. between 1945 and 1949 and since then has gone down by 12 per cent. And so the tale continues—discussions up, drama up, features up. Various meaty names are thrown into the pot. Just before C-Day Miss Clemence Dane broadcast a "poetic portrait" of Shakespeare and we should have listened to *The Winslow Boy*, *Henry V*, *The Petrified Forest* and Eric Barker's "mordant wit on our habits and institutions, fashions and foibles." We come across some quirks of taste. "The Light programme audience does not like revue or cabaret, and applauds sophistication very sparingly." And ten million people listen to The Archers.

It is a pity that Mr. Adam did not go on to discuss some of the social influences of the Light, for even in my own limited world they are remarkable. Before the war, for instance, one talked to the char about her Liz, a child of unexampled horror, suffering for many lugubrious years from tonsilitis. Nowadays, over nourishing cocoa, we spend many a happy break, at half-a-crown an hour, discussing the harmless doings of the Dales—what will happen to Molly and who will feed that goat? The change is even more striking in the case of children, though this is not Mr. Adam's concern. No longer need the petrified grown-up hum and haw and stammer and blush while the infant studies him with stupified disbelief. The mention of some character from a children's broadcast and all is immediately easy and natural, the talk unconfined, a common world established. But it is, I feel, a rather frightening discovery, though I mean no implied criticism of the Corporation. So far as I can judge the children's broadcasts are admirable and the school programmes brilliantly designed to open up a new and exciting world, especially for the child born into a home where no intellectual subject is discussed. But to find children being weaned on this canned wisdom makes one wonder what is happening elsewhere.

Now the reaction of the intellectual to Mr. Adam's statistics is a knowing wink. Realpolitik? The masses? "The good and the eternal"? Strange words in this connection. Getting bolder, the intellectual would point out that the Light puts over a purely middle-class culture—a culture that is sentimental and debased and has nothing to do with the real achievements which the middle-class has accomplished. Getting bolder still, the intellectual will say that Mr. Adam's figures are largely irrelevant. It is quality we want, not quantity. In other words, could Mr. Adam really argue that his religious broadcasts give any idea of what the religious life means? Could he say that his "serious" music—Ah, those convenient quotation *marks*—is, in fact, serious? But at this point, just as the intellectual seems in sight of home and the final word, *he* is suddenly faced with a devastating fact—that ten million audience. Simone Weil? Strindberg, Eliot, Sartre? Are we not being even more irrelevant than Mr. Adam? It is no good saying that the *Daily Express* has a higher standard than the Light: poor shivering little violet that it is, it exists on a mere bagatelle circulation of 4,000,000. So what is the real criticism of Mr. Adam? My answer, which is impossible to prove, is that the ordinary man is not so mulishly frivolous as Mr. Adam's broadcast suggests. I believe that a mass audience, for all its faults, will listen to anything serious if it is put honestly and without pretentiousness. Mr. Adam's reply would be that I am being absurdly idealistic—that things are what they are. It is a saddening thought that he may well be right.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"She's Back on Broadway," at the Tivoli
"By the Light of the Silvery Moon," at the Carlton
"The Glass Wall," at the London Pavilion

This is the time for passing-by new films and picking up old ones, for dreaming of past and future. Where will 3-D lead to, and all the other D's from wide to wearisome? Why not a cyclo-cinema going all the way round, the spectators being provided with swivel-chairs in the middle? Will the frieze displace the frame, and will tosh triumph? My own opinion, for what it's worth, is that only cinema in depth and without the aid of spectacles can hope to succeed out of this panic that has seized Hollywood at the thought of the TV screen growing larger. The film, I believe, will survive, but only on its own ground: only in fact in the art which, with difficulty, it has created for itself. What will go will be the newsreel: obviously the direct take renders it obsolete. For the rest, if television can produce a *Potemkin*, a *Sous les Toits de Paris*, a *Gold Rush*, I shall welcome it. I don't think it will. I think it's far more likely to produce, in the film line, *She's*

Back on Broadway and *By the Light of the Silvery Moon*; pieces that have descended on me in the dry mid-August.

She's back, then, on Broadway. Who? Miss Virginia Mayo as a mythical Catherine Terris. I suppose I've seen Miss Mayo before, no doubt, in August; but I can't say she either excites or repels. She tries here, poor lady, to act, and we are expected to feel something, because she's a shooting Hollywood star and her agent hopes to send her rocketing back with a Broadway success. An old lover (Steve Cochran) will direct her in *Breakfast in Bed* with such a display of temperament as should produce at least a new *Tristan und Isolde* or *As You Like It*. But instead it's all about musical comedy and those who, self-importantly, make it. We watch the trying out of artists and turns, and which is worse, those chosen or those rejected, must be a matter of opinion. One tap-dance trio fascinates, but nothing else does. And the principals keep up a heavy Lyceum off-stage. Whether this behind-the-scenes stuff is preferable to the stage article itself I leave to those who delight in such things. I prefer my musical comedy straight; and in the theatre.

By the Light of the Silvery Moon is a simple, old-fashioned musical comedy with some nice old tunes. Although I saw and heard it less than a week ago it has quite vanished. No, that's not quite true. By thinking hard I manage to remember the theme tune and Miss Doris Day, who seems brighter than Miss Virginia Mayo, and a pet turkey and a fantasy about a small boy who dreams detective stories. About the hero I remember nothing except that, in company with Miss Day, he sings of love. Or at least I suppose he does.

But if I'd been in the mood and could have chosen, I'd have made a bee-line for the Strand Classic; where will be found revived the musical-comedy-ballet of *On The Town*.

Only *The Glass Wall*, this week, offers any pretence at film-making. It belongs to the humanitarian-thriller class, but rather low down. A documentary voice introduces to us the boat-load of displaced persons entering New York harbour; one of them, a stowaway, is held but escapes on shore; the hunt is first to arrest and deport him, and then to catch him in time to regularise his entry. The film starts very well with New York at night, especially in Times Square, but soon shows the feebleness of talk and thought. Its muddled tensions never quite grip. It has a hero (Vittorio Grassmann), a background, and a theme deserving better script-writing and direction.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—I opened my NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and glanced immediately to see who had taken the Rt. Hon. George Strauss to task for his suggestion that the Old Vic is a suitable building for our National Theatre and that the million pounds voted towards the building of our long delayed National Theatre on the South Bank site might more profitably be spent in helping existing theatrical organisations throughout the country. I was astonished to see that apparently no one had so much as wagged a ball-pointed pen at him for this wicked nonsense.

Let me, in haste, take a sharper one, to try to tell him and, I fear, his many supporters—for his article was an ominous *ballon d'essai*—why the Old Vic, as a building, quite simply *will not do*, and why that million pounds would be, if his proposals were followed, merely frittered away. A million pounds would be a grand theatrical fritter, to be sure, but a fritter all the same.

Although the auditorium of the Old Vic is now one of the prettiest in London, its seating accommodation—somewhat reduced (it was never large) since the redecoration of the theatre—is not only not big enough to exploit a success but is actually uncomfortable, despite its cushioning, to anyone over medium height. Myself, I can only sit there on an aisle. The entrance-foyer, the box-offices, the foyers, bars and lavatory accommodation in the front of the house are quite unworthy of a medium-sized German *Stadttheater*, let alone of England's National Theatre. The stage, though large, has undergone proscenium alterations which make it, though adequate for certain Shakespearean plays, less than adequate for either 18th-century or naturalistic plays. Backstage the conditions are much worse. Though there is, as in many Victorian theatres, a fairly large scene dock, it cannot hold as many as five productions. It has a painting frame, but the wardrobe where the costumes are made is housed miles away. (One of the reasons why the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon pays its way and does not need that part of the million pounds which Mr. Strauss cheerfully suggests it should receive, is that all its workshops and storage-space are within a radius of a hundred yards.) The Old Vic's dressing-room and lavatory accommodation is no worse than in many English theatres. But that is not saying much. The actors acting in what should be England's leading theatre will lead hard and exacting lives and, for the efficiency of the theatre as well as their own sakes, should have as much claim to efficient and reasonably pleasant working conditions in their theatre as can be found at Stratford-on-Avon or Malvern and practically nowhere else in this country.

Mr. Strauss sketches in the hundred-year-old struggle to achieve a true National Theatre comparable to the *Comédie Française* or the State Theatres of Scandinavia and Germany. He very significantly omits to mention Granville-Barker's *revised* book on the National Theatre which contained a detailed plan for a theatre on the South Bank (where it would be most accessible to the majority of theatregoers) and which postulated more than one auditorium and a cast of well over 70 with sufficient actors to avoid some of the dangers of repertory casting.

I have as much reason as most to deplore another theatre on the South Bank if it were to put the Old Vic out of business. But would it? Do the Shaftesbury Avenue theatres put each other out of business? Or, in terms of overlapping of purpose, has the Covent Garden Opera and Ballet put the Sadler's Wells Opera and Ballet out of business? Its nearness to the National Theatre site would, I would have thought, had the reverse effect and there is no reason why the Old Vic should not fulfill a similar function as the *Odéon* in Paris serves for the *Comédie Française*.

As I said, I think Mr. Strauss will find many followers not only among popular opinion which likes to see "a little of something for everybody" but also from people in the theatre whose mouths may water at the thought of some of that million pounds coming to help them along. They could use the money, it is true, but that has nothing to do with a National Theatre. For if we are talking about a National Theatre we are talking in terms of standard and quality, first and last and all the time, and if our National Theatre is to be housed in the Old Vic in the Waterloo Road it will show the same astonishing fluctuations of standard and quality as the Old Vic has shown over a number of years and for the same reasons.

Mr. Strauss makes much play with the emotive appeal of the Old Vic but one of the many famous names he omits to mention as having supported the building of a National Theatre is that of Lilian Baylis.

Memorial Theatre, MICHAEL REDGRAVE
Stratford-on-Avon.

SIR,—The point made by Mr. George Strauss on the needs of the provincial repertory theatres is vital. But in the effort to prove it, has he not over-simplified the problem in this country?

Admittedly half of the cities and towns in Britain are in need of a theatre. Most of the theatre buildings are out of date, inconvenient and unsuited for housing any but touring companies. But unhappily the business methods in use in a majority of repertory theatres are inadequate to meet the present difficult competitive conditions. In many cities and towns a training in the "know how" of audience building is as urgently needed as a more comfortable and attractive building. Indeed the full benefits of the better building can only be secured by better sales management.

But the provinces are surely only part of the problem. London is as hard put to it for permanent repertory companies as the provincial cities are for theatre buildings. Whilst Stratford-on-Avon and the Old Vic are devoted to Shakespeare (along with Mr. Wolfit at Hammersmith), there is not one permanent company giving the London public modern English or Continental drama. Is there a single Shaw, Barker, Galsworthy, or Priestley play announced for the coming season, let alone a Pinero or a Congreve, a Chekov or a Sartre?

Surely it is important that the Arts Council should attempt to lease a West End theatre for the use of a permanent company giving the modern repertory.

CECIL CHISHOLM
Windrush Cottage, Warren Road,
Fairlight, Sussex.

SIR,—It would be interesting to know what lies behind the sudden proposal to reverse the far-sighted and enlightened all-party decision to build a National Theatre and, instead, to scatter the money allocated for it over the countryside for a few years. To suggest that thus "the dreams of the National Theatre pioneers would be fulfilled" is as ludicrous as to pretend that the Old Vic, with its solid concrete stage, inadequate wing space and far from perfect acoustic properties can ever become what a National Theatre should be. The plain fact is that, with the possible exception of the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre, there is not a theatre in this country that is really suitable for preparing, presenting and maintaining a repertory of our dramatic heritage, or that can in this respect compare with the National and State Theatres of most other European Countries. That this is so can of course only be fully appreciated by those who work in the theatre, and the layman may be forgiven for thinking that, from what he sees on

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the stage of the Old Vic, everything in the garden is perfect.

Of course if the Government could help the Arts Council to increase the amount it already gives annually to the provincial theatre, it would be very welcome, but, speaking as one who is, and has been for many years, intimately connected with the running of repertory theatres, I and many of my colleagues would say "No, thank you" to Mr. Strauss for what we believe to be a well-meant but retrograde offer. We regard the National Theatre Act with pride as a great step forward in the history of our theatre, and we look forward to its consummation in the confident belief that the establishment in London of a theatre and a company as near to the ideal as possible will have a greater influence for good on our provincial repertories than occasional or even regular grants of money, welcome as these are in special circumstances.

LLEWELLYN REES

743 Chelsea Cloisters, S.W.3.

CHALLENGE TO BRITAIN

SIR,—It is extraordinary that educational proposals which represent no retreat from any important principle to which the Labour Party has ever committed itself should have been so bitterly attacked for so many things that are not in them. Teachers, who are a volatile lot much given to feudin' and fightin', may have a pretty good idea of what the row is all about. The ordinary Labour Party member, and the average citizen who is merely anxious to see his children properly educated, must feel a little helpless at all this misdirected indignation, and must wonder when on earth someone is going to think about the child who is *not* going into a Sixth Form, *not* going to a University, and is *not* even a Grammar school type.

Other correspondents have dealt faithfully with some of Mr. Morley's administrative arguments. Of two alternative administrative schemes the simpler is always to be preferred, and the Comprehensive school from 11 to 18 is not simple, as a current L.C.C. pamphlet shows. A school from 11 to 15 would be smaller. The pupils would to a large extent know each other already, since they would come from a very small number of primary schools. The Head would have a reasonable chance of acquiring that personal knowledge of his or her pupils that is worth all the record cards ever invented. In such a school, it seems to me, the average child, who leaves school as soon as he can, will stand a greater chance of being happy than he would in a school of about two thousand. That is a point that does not appear to have been much considered by anyone.

But this third stage, from 15 to 18, is my own special interest. It is surely time that State education in this country ceased to be so intellectually parasitic upon the Public schools. Let it establish traditions of its own, and in this proposed new type of institution is an excellent opportunity. But please let it not be called a High school. Young people of the ages concerned do not like to think of themselves as being at school. A much better name would be that of Junior College, and it should be organised as a College rather than a school, with a Principal instead of a head teacher and a College Union for the social life of the students. There should be no school uniforms, no prefects, no house system.

One thing more—perhaps it was in the minds of those who brought this creative idea forward. We shall probably never see the wholesale creation of County Colleges as envisaged in 1944, but day-release is already a big thing, and how to give a day-release student education, as opposed to trade training, is an educational problem which is none the less serious because most educationalists of prominence in the Labour Party do not seem to have heard of its existence. I would like most strongly to urge that full-time students of 15 to 18 and part-timers of the same age should share the same Junior College. Then the full-timers would be in contact with those already at work and the part-timers would be able to share in that corporate life of the College which full-time students alone, as a general rule, can create. Surely an institution of the kind I have endeavoured to indicate above would be one about which no English man or woman need have misgivings?

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JONATHAN CAPE

MISS REBECCA WEST

SIR,—"I cannot feel," writes Miss Rebecca West (*N.S. & N.*, August 1), "that any reader of normal intelligence could read those words" (from her article on the Rosenbergs) "and not fail to gather that I thought that the Rosenbergs should not be executed and should be reprieved."

I have read and re-read Miss West's quotation and am persuaded that the only possible conclusion for anyone of normal intelligence is that Miss West's chief concern is the time-lag between the sentencing and the execution.

"The death sentence was passed on them on March 29, 1951," she says; one has the impression that if the Rosenbergs had been executed on, say, March 30, 1951, Miss West would have been content.

This is certainly not the only "aspect of this campaign which must disturb every civilised person anywhere in the world"; most people are also "disturbed" that the sentence could have been (1) passed at all, and (2) carried out.

The time-lag between the two events merely indicates the fear of public opinion on the part of authority. If Miss West wants to speed-up the "administration of justice" in the U.S., clearly not only must the expression of public opinion first be stifled but every decent, human feeling as well.

E. J. GRIFFITH

73 Tenniscourt Road, Kingswood, Bristol.

"FIRST READING"

SIR,—Two points in Mr. Lehmann's letter call for brief comment. Provincialism need not be a blight. I am quite willing to be taken as saying that a provincial tradition running through writers like Bunyan and Burns and Mark Rutherford and George Eliot and Thomas Hardy and T. F. Powys and D. H. Lawrence has contributed as much to our literature as a metropolitan tradition running through writers like Congreve and Pope and W. H. Mallock and Henry James and Mr. T. S. Eliot and Ronald Firbank and Mrs. Woolf. (I have tried to balance up names, there, as fairly as I can.) It is difficult, however, for a critic not to be more in sympathy with one of these traditions than the other. I think Mr. Wain is more in sympathy with the first, and aware of it. I think Mr. Massingham and Mr. Lehmann may be more in sympathy with the second, but that, in criticising Mr. Wain, they may not be making sufficient conscious allowance for their own metropolitan bias.

Secondly, I think that not only new writers but all writers should be considered in "the context of their lives" and "the perspective of their interests." I like to know about Milton's religious and political opinions, about Pope's literary rows, about Mr. Auden's Public-school background, early reading, and reaction to the Spanish Civil War—not out of impertinent personal curiosity, but so that I may place myself in imagination as nearly as possible in a writer's situation, before seeking to evaluate his response. And I fail to see why a similar attempt to get young writers today into some sort of sociological perspective should be taken as prejudging, or shirking, the question whether they have "genuine talent" or not.

G. S. FRASER

75 Beaufort Mansions, S.W.3.

SIR,—Like everyone else, Mr. John Wain is entitled to his preferences. If, in a programme that is "committed to a very severe selection," he decides to make room for "the work of a professional historian who has *diverted his leisure* by constructing the literary equivalent of a custard-pie comedy," that is his editor's privilege.

But to rationalise his prejudices by the staggering assertion that they represent "the tendencies offering the best hope for English literature" is merely to bolster one subjective judgment by another. This sort of dogmatic, but meaningless pronouncement is typical of the complacent smugness of this programme as a whole. As a member of Mr. Wain's much-vaunted younger generation, I cannot help feeling that in the present confused state of English writing, a little less self-assurance and a little more humility would not be out of place.

Mr. Wain's letter merely confirms the suspicion that the majority of his contributors are young dons who, in their spare time, amuse themselves by dabbling in literature. They are most at home in the vacuum of the senior common room. There they can portentously discuss the influence they have had on each other's work, leaving the world outside to muddle through its catastrophies as best it can.

ALBERT HUNT

32 Swindon Street, Burnley.

ODIOUS COMPARISON

SIR,—Apropos the brilliant poem "Odious Comparison" in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I was sitting one day last week in a very expensive restaurant at the foot of Mont St. Michel, in Brittany. At the next table was an American couple. They ordered a large Chateaubriand (450 frs), with French beans and potatoes.

I was surprised to see Madame America cutting the huge steak into small pieces and, after careful seasoning and tasting, placing them into a bowl-shaped receptacle. Was young Monsieur America perhaps blind and obliged to eat with a spoon? But no; shortly after the mixture was found to be exactly to the taste of Madame, the bowl was placed on the floor, where a spaniel, hitherto invisible, devoured it in two minutes; then a waiter came and majestically led the spaniel away.

Hoping my eyes had deceived me, I leant over to Madame and asked, "Excuse me, but would you very kindly tell me if that was horsemeat?"

"I certainly hope not," replied America, courteously, "the menu *said* steak."

I nobly forbore to refer to ewe mutton or kindred matters. (The Frenchmen's angle was not my business.) But I thought it a pity that the spaniel could not have been led away before and not after his meal.

DULCIE SASSOON

3 Holland Park, W

Books in General

MR. TOM HOPKINSON has written a good, succinct study of George Orwell in one of the British Council's pamphlets.* It begins with a general definition of his gifts, relates the little Orwell allowed to be known about his private life—which was, characteristically, a handful of arguments about the social folly of being born into the lower-upper-middle class, his guilt as a colonial servant in Burma and his misanthropy as a *déclassé*—and goes on to a brief analysis of his books. The pamphlet is a good guide, but it has little space for the discussion of Orwell's ideas. One is struck, when one looks at the short list of his works, by the evil effect of hack work and two wars upon an outstanding talent. It is tragic because of all the figures of the Thirties, at any rate of all the prose writers, Orwell alone had an originating mind which struck out on its own. It was a mind that argued its way forward from day to day. What we cannot tell is whether it would have moved out of the political obsession which, by the time of *1984*, seemed to be exhausting its usefulness to his gifts.

The general discredit into which Communism has fallen since the Thirties in England—and in America—is due to the behaviour and utterances of Communists; but two books can be said to have given the *coup de grâce* to a cause which had degenerated into an ugly comedy. They are Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* and George Orwell's *Animal Farm*. Both writers set up as outcasts and wanderers; that is to say they believed that the man with a conscience had become a refugee in his own civilisation. Koestler, a Hungarian and Jew brought up in Vienna, is a natural traveller and crosser of frontiers. For Koestler, to have a conscience was to report and talk and publicize; for Orwell it was to oppose and act. And to choose the least popular part in action. In the Spanish war he drifted, as if by nature, to one of the smallest and most vulnerable Left-wing sects.

The differences between Koestler and Orwell are important for they answer Koestler's own criticism of English complacency and evasiveness in the crises of the Thirties. Koestler, the central European, attacks Communism dramatically and intellectually; the people in *Darkness at Noon* have only political lives. They are brains and techniques in conflict with other brains and techniques; they are ideological chessmen. His book is a thriller of ideas and the appeal is to reason and not to the heart. Do we mourn for any of the victims in his book? Not at all. When the Russian material on which the argument of *Darkness at Noon* was based came out two years ago, we discovered that in real life the narrator did *not* confess, was physically and mentally so strong that he did *not* succumb to the inquisition and the torture, and in fact got out of Russia. This is not a criticism of *Darkness at Noon*; but it indicates that Koestler's drama was abstract.

How different is the British approach, as it is illustrated by Orwell in *Animal Farm*. The book is a homely parable. No arguments but sceptical human experience. No intellectualising of the subject. The satire is pragmatic. Oblique, empirical, fanciful, Orwell's is the traditional English fable: a book about animals for children. It is the tradition of Gulliver, even of Lewis Carroll. What happens to animals or to fantastic creatures is more telling for us than what happens to human beings. In *Animal Farm* we are repelled by pigs and are sad about a horse and, before Orwell, so was Swift. To stir up the satirical spirit in English literature you have to get down to the intellectually preposterous—Fielding's *Jonathan Wild* and Shaw's plays—to nonsense, or to the assured ground of childhood; in short, to spleen and misanthropy about human beings and our fear of general ideas. From these vantage points our anger can be roused. One can test Orwell for effectiveness by comparing *Animal Farm* with his other books in which he played straight. Excellent pamphleteer though he was, Orwell was patently crabbed, bleak and sweeping; he was strongly marked by the crank's vanity in being the only just man. He was not humourless but his laughter was negligent and off-hand. As Mr. Hopkinson says, Orwell saw the world flat, and though this gave him an inspired and drastic common sense, it also led him to state half-truths and contradictions which treated common experience as if it did not exist. But once among the animals—and how curious it is that some of his best writing is about them: *Shooting an Elephant*, the fishing scenes in *Coming up for Air*—he fulfils what is pre-eminently his courageous gift: the gift of truthfulness.

Very little has been written about George Orwell. There is a fragment about him at Eton by Cyril Connolly and there is Wyndham Lewis's essay, but little else. Mr. Tom Hopkinson's pamphlet is very welcome and very perceptive. Primarily, Orwell was a difficult saint and a conscience: the latter is a traditional Scottish speciality. Prevented as we are from having much biographical information about him, we have to rely on personal memories and impressions: these indicate but hardly explain the complexity of his character. The sense of failure which comes out strongly in his books and in his comments on himself is bewildering. Mr. Hopkinson quotes Orwell's words about his schooldays:

> I had no money, I was weak, I was ugly, I was unpopular. I had a chronic cough, I was cowardly, I smelt. . . . The conviction that it was not *possible* for me to be a success went deep enough to influence my actions till far into adult life. Until I was thirty I always planned my life on the assumption not only that any major undertaking was bound to fail, but that I could only expect to have a few years longer.

Yet at thirteen "he gained not one, but two scholarships." The sense of failure was a necessary vanity; it enabled him to live out his plan to be alone. Not being rich enough, not being socially good enough—as he was determined to think—gave him his very trying preoccupation with snobbery. He said he got nothing out of Eton—except the sense of inferiority; yet Eton gave him that easy assurance which can disregard authority and effortlessly ignore conventional opinion—freedom at the top of the tree. Having been an oppressor in Burma, he sought to redeem himself by becoming the oppressed. Mr. Hopkinson is right in stressing this pattern but as he points out there were elements of illusion in this choice. There is a discernible romantic touch of Kipling in *Burmese Days*, and in the plunge into low life in Paris, London and Wigan there is the same romantic impulse. If Orwell was too poor for Eton, he was too rich for the doss-house and the unemployed—hence his honest self-accusation of snobbery, though he did not realise it was snobbery of the inverted kind. The politically conscious working classes themselves are "snobbish" about the outcasts and the hopeless with whom Orwell identified himself, and would have been insulted—if they had read *1984*—to hear themselves described, as Mr. Hopkinson says, "as a kind of warm feather bed into which one could sink, abandoning all pretensions," which is how they appeared to Orwell in *1984*. It was a delusion of his period. Orwell was addicted to the sentimental view that there are good and bad classes and lacking, as he said, a strong power to love, he was deeply intolerant. Like a Saint Agustine convicted of sin and renouncing the flesh, *i.e.*, the good life, he was the comfortless saint of the Left and its only religious figure. Politics, for him, were an opportunity for redemption, salvation and martyrdom.

As a novelist Orwell had serious defects. Mr. Hopkinson accurately sets them out: little imagination, little understanding of human relationships, little sympathy with individuals though much with humanity in general. He could convey certain states of mind with casual, burning clarity: loneliness, pain, human dumbness and the pity of existence. Of love he knew nothing, of kindliness a good deal. He saw life with that pathetic grey and wasted distinctness which it has when our vitality is low at five o'clock in the morning. He is able to convey this distinctness by a subtle, clear, rapid prose. Through its transparence we see him as clearly as Cobbett can be seen in his. The whole spell is in that style, so apt for conveying an original, practical, didactic yet wary mind. It is just above the level of talk. There is the speed of the hunt in his voice; the hunt for shams, rackets, impostors and, characteristically, he carried this into words themselves. His work on Newspeak and Doublethink was brilliant in its diagnosis and its satirical contempt and was the first considerable exposure of the technique of totalitarian propaganda and its scientific pretences. *1984*, for all its failure to get away from 1944, was a major and successful counter-attack upon the modern state. It succeeded as short-term prophecy—in prophecy he was the shorter Wells—and failed only by reason of a rancour, melancholy and a self-pity that were forgivable in a dying man. He saw the world as a malevolent, lying, loveless place, but he was surely mistaken in believing, as the Jehovah's Witnesses do, that the world is like that because the rulers are moved only by malice and wickedness. The really terrible thing is that they want it to be good, that life is a tragedy, not a mere sadistic contrivance for causing continuous pain.

I think Mr. Hopkinson has put his finger on the main quality and defect of Orwell:

> Orwell's strength and weakness relate to a single source. He was without historical perspective. He saw the world of his day with

* *George Orwell*. By TOM HOPKINSON. *Longmans*. 2s.

peculiar intensity because he saw extremely little of its past, and he regarded the future as simply a continuation and extension of the peculiar present he knew. . . . The concentration on the present, this belief that the historic moment is *now*, led Orwell—backed by his own uncommon courage—to do at any point in life the thing that seemed to him most important.

He felt the situation, responded magnificently to it at once but "his preoccupation with the present prevented his seeing not merely the past and future, but the present as it really is." All his views of people are instantaneous, irritable, arresting and flatly sweeping. There is an implication that they all are engaged in hypocritical deceits. It is snobbish to go to a Public School, but it is also snobbish to be a Socialist. You are a "porker" if you are a conservative, but you are dishonest if you are a "pink" and a tyrant if you are a "red." The "hero" of *Burmese Days* feels inferior to the cavalry officer; Orwell speaks of feeling inferior to the working-class man. These are immediate reactions, assumed to be permanently true and valid, whereas in fact there are a dozen explanations of such "feelings." If he had put them forward he would, of course, have lost his bite, his energising way of stimulating us to immediate action and his immensely valued sense of lonely superiority. He reminds one of those craftsmen whom it is impossible to please and who regard their skill as a testy, superior morality in itself.

For his own purposes Orwell disparaged "Literature," delighted in saying that the cultivated man was an anachronism and took a malicious pleasure in prophesying the triumph of insensibility, commonness, vulgarity and Philistinism. He had the common delusion that the first quality of truth is its unpleasantness. Yet these disparagements were serviceable, for of all the writers of the Thirties he came closest to vulgar English life, to its lowness and its lazy decency. The England of *Coming Up for Air* and *The Road to Wigan Pier* is shockingly recognisable; it is the mess that meets our eye in every industrial town and poor suburb. Many writers have become Socialists in order to escape the oppression of this sight. Perversely, Orwell enjoyed English frustration and so caught the sourness, the grumbling, the tiredness, the worry, though he missed the general romantic sentimentality that makes it all endurable. He was rooted in 1910 and since a vast amount of 1910 still dragged on in England in 1940, his eye and ear were more reliable than those of more "contemporary" writers.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE ALTERNATIVES

"Let me go down into the grave
In search of all I have lost,
For should I not find my love
I might glimpse my love's ghost!"

"The splendours of the grave
Being so rich and rare,
You would surely leave your true-love
Undisturbed there?"

"But if it be only a ghost?"
"Lead it forth, then.
And none shall know seeker from lost
Ever again."

FRANCES BELLERBY

THE GREAT PROJECT

Vermuyden and the Fens. By L. E. HARRIS. *Cleaver-Hume Press.* 21s.

The seventeenth century was, in England, the great age of "projects." There was so much to do and now, at last, there was the means of doing it: a regular money-market, a system of company-finance, a new industrial technique. So investors invested and "undertakers" undertook; and if there were many failures—for liability was unlimited, capital often failed, and outraged nature sometimes vindicated her rights—at least there were also several successes. Investors went gaily to their ruin but mines were ultimately opened, Ireland and other wastes were ultimately colonised, the Fens—it was one of the great achievements of the century—were ultimately drained.

Draining was essentially a Dutch, as mining had been a German, art. Holland itself was evidence of that fact; and when Englishmen surveyed the vast acreage of unprofitable swamp in their eastern counties they naturally thought of the miracles achieved on the opposite coast of the North Sea. In 1590 Sir William Russell, who had served in the Netherlands, contemplated using Dutchmen to drain his East Anglian estates; in 1593 Humphrey Bradley, a Zeelander, offered himself to Lord Burghley as a drainer of fens; and in 1626, when Charles I accepted the proposal to drain Hatfield Chase in Lincolnshire, it was a Dutch engineer, financed by a Dutch syndicate, who undertook the work. For the next thirty years this Dutchman, Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, born in Zeeland but naturalised and knighted in England, was *par excellence* the Drainer of the Fens.

Within three years Vermuyden drained the 70,000 acres of Hatfield Chase. His methods were basically simple: he replaced winding natural river-channels by straight clean cuts and thus hastened the outflow of water to the sea. But Vermuyden was soon to find that technical success was the simplest part of his problem: there was also a complex of landlord-rights and tenant-rights, local politics and court politics, and through these ancient, undrained bogs there was no clean cut. In Hatfield Chase a few vocal landlords and numerous vocal peasants caused a series of riots and brought down upon the undertakers the wrath of the President of the Council of the North, none other than that formidable assertor of the old order, that inveterate enemy of private enterprise, Lord Wentworth. In the end Vermuyden was glad to leave his enraged shareholders in the lurch and escape, with a handsome profit for himself, to his next adventure: the draining of the Great Level in East Anglia.

This, his greatest achievement, was begun in 1630, under the control of that great East Anglian capitalist, Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford—the son of that Sir William Russell who had first conceived the project. Vermuyden was both director of the work and himself a shareholder. By 1637 the Earl had gained all he required; but opposition from less contented shareholders enabled the Crown to usurp control of both the project and the projector, and it was not till after the execution of the King that a third generation of the Russell family was able to resume the work. In 1653 it was declared complete, and 300,000 acres of drained land were divided among the parties. This success had not been achieved smoothly: Vermuyden had had to fight hard against nature, against the shareholders, and against both amateur and professional engineers (for the opposition had produced a rival Dutch expert who advocated raised banks to contain the floods instead of clean cuts to discharge them); but the conclusion was at least a partial victory for him, and thereafter he retired to other projects: to his property in Somerset, which a combination of Parliament and peasantry prevented him from draining (it was not drained till 1791), and to his lead-mine in Derbyshire which remained a source of profit to him till his death in 1677.

Mr. Harris's study is limited in its aims. It does not seek to compete with Dr. H. C. Darby's more systematic work, *The Draining of the Fens*, and since the author is an engineer, not an historian, and indeed makes some small historical errors, he prudently confines himself to the technical side of Vermuyden's work. And yet that work had also a political significance, which is perhaps worth a note. It is clear from the personalities involved. Vermuyden's great enemy was Charles I's strongest minister, Strafford; his constant partner was Charles I's attorney-general, Heath; his patron, the Earl of Bedford, was the great manager of the puritan Opposition; Oliver Cromwell was involved in his projects, and Cromwell's Chief Justice and Secretary of State, Oliver St. John and John Thurloe, were among his shareholders. In fact, the Draining of the Fens, like the contemporary colonising companies, is inseparable from the structure of English political history. Of this Vermuyden himself was perhaps unaware. Of his personal life and character (although Mr. Harris has added some details) we know little. Even the portrait used by Mr. Harris seems, on his own evidence, to represent not Vermuyden but his fellow-projector, Sir Philibert Vernatti. Probably, like so many engineers, he was a dull man. Nevertheless, his work deserves this memorial. If the natives of Lincolnshire and East Anglia no longer traverse those dismal flats on stilts, or hop on webbed toes after marsh-vermin, they should reflect that they owe part of this improvement in their way of life to a naturalised Dutchman of the seventeenth century, Sir Cornelius Vermuyden.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THINKING AND LANGUAGE

Thinking and Experience. By H. H. PRICE. *Hutchinson.* 25s.

Logic and Language: Second Series. Edited by A. G. N. FLEW. *Blackwell.* 21s.

Professor Price's new book is about such traditional topics as universals, recognition, the difference between signs and symbols, and the role played by symbols in thinking. And these topics are treated in a manner that can fairly be called traditional. The central question is about what Professor Price calls "cognition in absence." We are able to think of things that are not present to our senses; exactly how does this happen? Professor Price considers various theories of thinking, canvasses objections and counter-objections, appeals to the facts of human experience and animal behaviour. At first the inquiry does not seem so very different from that of an armchair psychologist. We remember the phrase used by Hume in the *Enquiry*, "mental geography, or the delineation of the distinct parts and powers of the mind." The apparent limitations of this approach are most strongly suggested when Professor Price discusses imagism, the theory that thinking is operating with mental images. It has been thought a sufficient refutation of this view that many people seem not to have images at all, and yet are able to think. Professor Price does not exactly deny this. But he says: ". . . it is a misfortune for a philosopher to be too clever. It is the human mind in general, and not just the minds of highly intellectual persons like himself that he is supposed to be studying." This remark leaves one uncertain as to what inquiry is being prosecuted. Is it mental geography, "the human mind in general"; or is it (to use a phrase of Professor Ryle's) the *logical* geography of the concept of thinking, the part it plays in our language, its relations with other concepts, the verification-procedure appropriate to it?

But in fact this (real or apparent) uncertainty of intention turns out not to matter. What seemed a studied naivety is seen as a deliberate policy of giving theories enough rope to hang themselves on. This is exemplified again in the discussion of imagism. By at first treating this as a piece of mental geography Professor Price shows just how images are or could be used in thinking by the people who have them. And

in the course of this it becomes clear just why this doctrine is so attractive. (As Professor Price remarks, it is still the received opinion among most people who are not philosophers.) When we "cognise in absence" we think *in* some medium; something must be present to the mind, and for various reasons images are natural candidates for this role. On the other hand, other things beside images are available. What Professor Price calls the polemical part of imagism, the *identification* of thinking with image-manipulation, is thus seen to be the result of an over-simplification. But what he calls the constructive part—the simple insistence that sometimes some people do "think in images"—then becomes all the more important; it becomes part of a satisfactory answer to "What is thinking?", an answer which Professor Price sketches in his last chapter, *Concepts and their Manifestations*. The point here is that concepts, regarded as dispositions, are manifested in very many diverse ways; sometimes indeed in operations with images, but sometimes also in, for instance, the construction of Plasticine models of the constructions of English sentences. It becomes clear that any short-and-sharp answer to "What is thinking?" will be unsatisfactory in the same way as imagism seemed to be. The disentangling of simple and obvious truths from ingenious and complicated errors is an important part of philosophical progress, and this book affords an excellent example of such disentangling. (I should like to recommend it especially to the attention of those who take W.E.A. and Tutorial classes in philosophy.)

By contrast, most of the contributors to Mr. Flew's collection are strenuously aware of what kind of inquiry they are engaged in. This makes for easy reading; one knows pretty well what the rules of the game are, when a point has been scored, and so on; but in one or two places it seems also to have made possible a merely mechanical manipulation of well-known words and phrases. However, all the papers repay reading, and two (at least), the papers by Professor G. E. Moore (*Is Existence a Predicate?*) and Professor J. L. Austin (*Other Minds*) are especially valuable in that they provide excellent, and contrasting, examples of philosophic method. Three papers have not appeared previously. *Language Strata*, by Dr. F. Waismann, is diffuse but suggestive. *Incompatibility of Colours*, by Mr. D. F. Pears, and *Every Event has a Cause*, by Mr. G. J. Warnock, are concerned with propositions that have been said to be both necessary and synthetic; both are models of close and patient examination of carefully circumscribed topics.

J. F. THOMSON

FLAT OUT FOR SOULS

A Cambridge Movement. By J. C. POLLOCK. *Murray.* 12*s.*

Cambridge is "the great mother of strong men with cool heads but warm hearts" (Marshall); enthusiasm, metaphysics, dyslogistic nonsense are deemed "shallow stuff which does not go down here" (Fawcett); her cloisters "have ever been consecrated to poetry and common sense" (Strachey). So these great Cambridge figures say and of course must be believed. Yet the first impression gained by a freshman is strangely different. For among all those who call to persuade him to row or run or join this or that club, none is harder to eject than the one who simply inquires whether he has "decided for Christ." In all probability this is the college representative of the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union and the least insulting way—guaranteed to cost nothing—of bringing the intrusion to a close is that practised in Victorian times of offering the caller a brandy and soda.

The C.I.C.C.U. is the exact opposite of the Cambridge ideal. It is narrow, enthusiastic, revivalist and glories in the comforts of unreason. It reduces religion to personal salvation and Christianity to the doctrine of the Atonement in the form of penal substitution: you must proclaim your decision for Christ to your unbelieving friends and go flat out to win them by persistent nagging and prayer. Mr. Pollock has chronicled its achievements in a readable and informative book, and though a sympathiser, displays humour and a sense of the impression which the movement can make on those outside it. He begins with the forerunners of the C.I.C.C.U., the "Sims" or much ridiculed disciples of the great Evangelical preacher Simeon, leads up to the organisation of the Union in 1877, passes to the great period of the Moody and Sankey mission and the departure of those well-to-do popular young athletes, the Cambridge Seven, for service in China as missionaries, and brings the history to the present day when the movement still flourishes. The C.I.C.C.U. has not escaped dissension. Liberal-minded members have actually urged co-operation with other Christian bodies and modifications of doctrine to meet the times, and have been opposed by the purists. Happily the purists have won, and the sect continues undefiled or, as it would say, "the distinctive witness remains unblurred." Worse still, there have been heresies. The Pearsall-Smith mission encouraged dangerous claims of sinless perfectionism and led to the secession of a few hot-heads to the Agapemonites who established the Abode of Love at Spaxton in Somerset, over which a veil must be drawn; and this calamity was echoed in modern times by the Buchmanite crisis when demands were made to replace prayer meetings by sessions for "sharing" sin and to preach repentance not bought by the Cross but by "tuning-in" to the Holy Spirit. But the C.I.C.C.U. rose above every trial and at any rate can claim to have kept its university relatively unspotted by the Oxford Group.

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the Boat and the soccer team appear from the records to be particularly susceptible—but it has never lacked members who win Firsts, and it embraces all classes. It is hearty and larky: its members have often risen at six to pray, and those whose flesh is weak have rigged up Heath Robinson contraptions to rip off the bedclothes when the alarm rings. Nor does it blench at the most eccentric methods for winning souls: American evangelists have perhaps enjoyed the greatest success, but the most fiery are most welcome. Indeed it offers some of the same attractions which undergraduate Communism in the Thirties held out to the spiritually lost, in that it draws the neophyte into a chummy in-group and makes him glory in the humiliation of testifying to his faith in open-air services (marching in demos) or handing out tracts (selling the *D.W.*) or proselytising among the unconverted (the progressives). Mr. Pollock records numerous examples of occurrences which led people to take the step. One became thoughtful after "a remarkable work of grace among the boys of the Choir School"; more usually the operation is performed by the fervour of preachers. Beyond question lives are changed. The men abandon thoughtless pleasures: "Last night I decided for Christ. No more card parties for me." The women take even sterner steps. "A prominent member of the Atheists' Club was brought to a vivid experience of Christ through Barclay Buxton's preaching, and immediately broke off her engagement to a man who was not a Christian." Rejoicing in the mockery of the world, they labour in the vineyard; and since among 6,000 undergraduates some grapes are always ripening, the sect is able to sing a hymn of Harvest Home and each generation tell the story of its triumphs to the next.

No one can doubt that some good innocent men have found a simple and, for them sufficient, faith in this society. Nor can one deny that the Corybantic spirit which possesses them is an essential in popular religion: if this strain is bred out by too powerful intellectual or genteel influences the religion ceases to be œcumenical. Part of the dislike for the C.I.C.C.U., moreover, springs from the English propensity to mistake conservative good form for sensitive traditionalism, and from a snobbery which sneers at the idea that it is valuable to give a purpose to the lives of the benighted, which have previously been the prey of *ennui*. Yet why, when this is said, do so many find the C.I.C.C.U. so repellent? Rationalists, to whom this book may be commended, will turn to their Gibbon for the answer. Churchmen are naturally irritated by its suggestion that all that the poor old Church needs is a good shake-up; and they suspect, with reason, that so theologically poverty-stricken a movement can easily develop in a parish or a diocese into an odious form of spiritual tyranny. Dons despair when their pupils join it because it closes their minds at the time when they should be opening, prolongs adolescence at the place where they should be growing up, and encourages them to dispose of reason while they are being taught to think. Many of the practices of the C.I.C.C.U. are caballistic. To meet emergencies by opening the Bible at random and attaching whatever meaning seems appropriate to the first text which catches the eye may be edifying, but is nonsensical. "As we rose from our knees someone quoted the words 'Launch out into the deep.' We felt it was a message from God." Indeed. Moreover, the scamper to collect converts is too often a form of pot-hunting. Very fairly Mr. Pollock quotes the criticism of one exasperated individual to a proselytiser: "If you loved *me* as much as you loved my soul, you would do better." Hovering over the C.I.C.C.U. still is the spirit of Simeon, unintelligent, tireless, posturing, able to love God but incapable of loving his fellow men since he regarded them as counters in the great scheme of salvation, was insensitive to their joy or pain, and displayed none of the sympathy, devotion and compassion with which love of another human being is suffused.

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HOW TO REVIEW

Contemporary Reviews of Romantic Poetry. Edited by JOHN WAIN. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

Criticism has its moments of great drama, when it must die that it may live. Perhaps every good critic is faced, sooner or later, with the work that goes against everything he has stood for, the poem or novel or drama that does all the wrong things, that yet splendidly survives and somehow comes off. These are the moments of heroic choice. And the great moments in the history of criticism, when Dryden applauds Shakespeare, when Pound applauds Hardy, when Jeffrey applauds Keats, are the moments when the critic chooses to surrender his whole critical apparatus, rather than deny the experience that has been so unaccountably provided.

But if these are the heroic actions in the history of criticism, they are not always manifest as great criticism, great pieces of critical writing. One may surrender gracefully, but even where surrender is the only honourable action, it is hardly inspiring. And though Jeffrey's praise of *Endymion* makes us respect him far more than Croker, yet purely as writing Croker's relentless annihilation of the same poem is not only more entertaining, it is a better model of critical procedure.

Again, for sacrifice to be impressive, something must be sacrified. So it will not do to have no principles at all, never to bring the poem to the bar of analysing intelligence, but to go on by hit and miss, looking for the inexpressible "magic," waiting for the *frisson*. This was the method—call it that—of Wilson ("Christopher North") in *Blackwood's*, and as a result, even where posterity on the whole has proved him right and Jeffrey wrong, as on Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*, his reasons for liking the poem in fact make a worse travesty of it than do Jeffrey's reasons for damning it.

As Mr. Wain says, the current view of the Great Reviewers is that "they applied to the nascent literature of the nineteenth century the inflexible standards of the eighteenth." Mr. Wain challenges this. But when Jeffrey applauds Keats, he does so at the expense of all his critical principles; in fact, in order to do so, he has to stop being a critic at all. Obviously, his taste was admirable, and not eighteenth-century taste; but a critic has to make his taste rational, and when Jeffrey tried to do this he failed because the only terms he had to hand were Johnsonian. His objections to Wordsworth, for example, in the extracts we are given, all derive from a thoroughly Johnsonian conception of "decorum" as it affects "poetical characters" such as pedlars and schoolmasters. (And in at least one case, incidentally, the preposterous sea-captain of *The Thorn*, the old standard surely yielded the right answer.) As for Wilson, his standards are certainly not inflexible; in fact they are so fluid that they can hardly be called standards at all. But at any rate his attitudes are undoubtedly of the old century, not Johnsonian certainly, but going back to "the Addison of the North," Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling himself. Mr. Wain remarks that "Wilson, who was evidently handicapped by a very unstable temperament, would sometimes behave in a way that was almost idiotic in its maliciousness"—compare those other Scottish men of feeling, the Boswell of the Journals and the Burns of the letters, where there is just the same hysterical oscillation of sympathies.

Equally disputable is Mr. Wain's assertion that "nearly every major movement in English literature has been ushered in, and accompanied, by the tireless critic." Certainly the critic has sometimes "ushered in" a movement: Hobbes's preface to *Gondibert* preceded the poetry that it called for and called out. But is the Romantic movement a case in point? There was the preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, but that hardly counts; and apart from that it may be thought that true Romantic criticism did not appear at the level of the reviewer until after the creative impetus was spent, in the 1830's, when the influence of Coleridge began to be apparent in Henry Nelson Coleridge's review of his father-in-law's *Poetical Works*, in Hallam's review of Tennyson's first volume, and in De Quincey's contributions to *Blackwood's*. Mr. Wain is to be complimented on reprinting the first of these, and it is a pity his self-imposed terms of reference compelled him to exclude the others.

Mr. Wain draws the conclusions that the public should have confidence in the critic, and the critic should have confidence in himself. The more usual view is that the Great Reviewers should teach the critic humility. All Jeffrey's criticisms of *The Excursion*, and all Croker's criticisms of *Endymion*, are just. Everything they say is true, and everything in the end irrelevant. They cite chapter and verse. They do all that the good critic ought to do. And in the end they are, both of them, abysmally wrong. Nothing could be much more chastening than that.

DONALD DAVIE

STARRY EYES

The War on World Poverty. By the RT. HON. HAROLD WILSON, M.P. *Gollancz.* 14s.

If politics be the art of the possible, Mr. Harold Wilson may find some difficulty in defending himself from the criticism that, in writing this book, he has plunged from the realists' political raft into the sea of economic utopianism in which so many well-meaning international idealists, from the days of the Geneva League, have swum—and drowned. To say this is not to deny the reality or the gravity of the problem which he confronts. Nearly two-thirds of the world's population—say 1,500 million people—are living in "conditions of complete hunger." In 1949, whereas the twelve richest countries in the world had an average *per capita* national income of 1,146 U.S. dollars, 27 countries had average

incomes per head of less than Southern Rhodesia's $101, and the *per capita* incomes of China and Indonesia were under thirty U.S. dollars. Set aside the fact that these statistical averages conceal great disparities in the internal distribution of wealth: the figures are sufficient to pose starkly the question whether in the long run a world which is half-prosperous, half-destitute, can be a peaceful world. Moreover, with world population already 10 per cent. higher than in 1938 and increasing steadily by 25 million a year, the pressure of consumption on supplies both of food and raw materials bids fair to grow critically.

It is not an insoluble problem. As Mr. Wilson points out, only 3,000 million acres are today cultivated out of an estimated total of nearly 18,000 million cultivable acres; and the scope for increased output per acre, if full use were made of mechanical aids and the techniques of the plant-breeder and plant-protector, is immense. But the task of bringing production in the backward countries closer to the advanced countries' level is demonstrably one which calls for an enormously greater international effort than anything which has yet been attempted. Mr. Wilson concedes that, in a limited way, the aims and achievements of the British Colonial Development policy have been commendable; and he rightly praises the objectives (though not the disappointing progress) of the Colombo Plan. But the burden of his argument is that, if we are to secure something like a 2 per cent. annual growth in the *per capita* national incomes of the backward countries, the "haves" must be prepared to export to them annually capital funds at the rate of at least 10,000 million U.S. dollars a year. That is about ten times the present rate of capital imports by the backward countries, including Colonial Development, Colombo Plan, Technical Assistance, American Mutual Security—and Uncle Harry Truman and all. Emphasising rightly the extent to which American assistance is now degenerating into grants and loans for strictly strategic purposes (even Technical Assistance will have to be satisfied in 1954 with little more than half the sum required to cover approved projects) Mr. Wilson calls bravely for an International Development Authority. Given funds on the scale suggested above, and empowered not merely to arrange for the procurement of supplies but also to execute projects "either by contract or direct labour," and even to promote social revolution in countries with corrupt or recalcitrant governments, the Authority would import into an attack on food shortage, disease, illiteracy and general "backwardness" the drive of wartime urgency in a military operation.

C'est magnifique! I applaud Mr. Wilson's sincerity and courage; but I am left with the uneasy feeling that he underrates the difficulties in the way of his solution. Pamphleteers have doubtless the right to be optimists; but a realistic appraisement of existing trends raises grave doubts whether the obstacles in sight can be overcome. There is the difficulty of the high profits obtainable on investment in the U.S. domestic market. The economies of the nominally "rich" countries of Western Europe are already so strained by rearmament that few of their governments would contemplate for a moment the export to backward areas of 3–4 per cent. of their gross national income. Above all, so long as the world is fundamentally split by the Cold War, it is almost impossible to conceive of a supra-national Authority functioning on the scale contemplated, or with motives which, as Mr. Wilson admits, must be altruistic if the policy is to succeed. Of course, if there were to be a great international *detente*, if it could be supposed that the Soviet half of the world would co-operate (and secure friendly American collaboration) in vast "one-world" reconstruction plans, and if the ruinous diversion of manpower and materials to armaments could be halted, then the idealistic conception of I.D.A. might become a practical reality. (After all, in 1905–13 the U.K. used to export about 7 per cent. of its national income for investment abroad; but this was scarcely for altruistic purposes.) It is encouraging to see that the Russians, since Mr. Wilson saw Mr. Molotov, have agreed to "play ball" in the Technical Assistance programme; but the fears of political "strings" and involvement in Big Power conflicts which led Burma to refuse American aid are still potent and will be so until the Cold War thaws. In bidding the prosperous nations pay heed, not to considerations of strategic security or even the struggle to defeat Communism, but to the "moral imperative" in their attitude to the backward areas of the world, Mr. Wilson is calling for a magnificent crusade. Against him are the forces of inertia, selfishness and fear. He will be lucky indeed if he fares as well as Don John of Austria did at the hands of the Christian League.

AYLMER VALLANCE

NEW SHORT STORIES

For Esmé—with Love and Squalor. By J. D. SALINGER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Shepherd's Hey. By GWYN JONES. *Staples.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Other Place. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

To say that the enchantment of Mr. Salinger's work is not easy to define is only to begin the praise due to his originality and subtlety. Fiction in general, short stories in particular, have long reached that shop-soiled stage where stale competence, clever pastiche and skilful rehashing are the deadly enemies. To estimate highly we demand above all freshness of theme, approach to theme and handling of language; we are even apprehensive of "experiment" lest it be a sauce with which the writer who has nothing new to say disguises his "high" meat to deceive our cultivated palates. By demanding so much we have inevitably capitulated to writers who are essentially "personal." Mr. Truman Capote, Miss Eudora Welty, Miss Carson McCullers make no concessions to generality in the symbols they use, the themes they exploit or the language they speak in. Their world is egocentric and, if it hits the orbits of their readers' little universes, the shock is overwhelming and immediate. What is more, of course, if such intensely personal visions happen to fit the vision of a reader, the effect is so direct that it can be repeated without any sense of staleness. The click is complete: as the devotees of Miss Compton Burnett's novels say, "it is completely my thing." If, on the other hand, the original appreciation of such personal work is made by a conscious process of identification and assumed sympathy, then the spell is not likely to last long, for, being so personal, the themes, the symbols and the language do not change. The reader soon grows tired and decides with an easy cliché that the author "does not develop."

Mr. Salinger is the newest and perhaps the most remarkable of these authors with an intensely personal vision. There is not much change from *The Catcher in the Rye* to the stories in the book under review. With his next book, I suspect, the critics will begin to complain of sameness and narrowness. For the devotees, it will still be "completely their thing." Yet if Mr. Salinger's work like the best of his contemporaries has depth rather than breadth, his dedicated theme is a symbol which seems to me to touch very closely the disgust for the world, the timid search for love and the metaphysical need of a large part of his generation. If intensely personal, he is then also highly typical. It puts him, I think, above the other American authors I have named.

In his best stories can be found a young American, usually but not always male, disorientated, psychically sick, in search of some meaningful human contact. And this contact is provided by a child, not older than thirteen years, usually, but not always, a girl. It is in the speech, the ideas, the behaviour of these children that Mr. Salinger excels. We have had so much of children in fiction that it seems hard to believe that there can be any more to say about them. But Mr. Salinger's children make all the others seem phoney: it is not that they are less wise, less sophisticated or even less sensitive than the conventional children of modern fiction, but that they are not simply subjective pleas for the author's unhappiness, they are not essays in self-pity. The dialogue, indeed all the writing, is as fresh and individual as the themes, though there is perhaps a danger of Mr. Salinger's wit turning into highbrow whimsy; as the title of the best story in the book *Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut*, hints, he is sometimes just a shade too clever. But this is an understandable fault in one who promises to be our most subtle writer.

It would be easy if one wished to be malicious to say that Mr. Gwyn Jones is too busy being powerful to have time to be subtle. Nevertheless, for all their "starkness," more often than not he pulls it off. There is something a little monotonous in these stories of lonely shepherds and sheepstealers, whether powerful and good, drunken and brutal, or just plain lustful, but the author's power of description is so considerable that he succeeds in convincing even with the most conventional of primitive peasant tragedies. The success of his stories of shepherds is immediately apparent in contrast with the complete failure of his more sophisticated stories like *Copy*.

Mr. Priestley's new volume illustrates from every angle—past, present and future—his fascination with the problems of personality in time. None of the stories, of course, is unentertaining, or less than very competent. Nevertheless I found the total somewhat monotonous. Mr. Priestley's knowledge of the English social structure, particularly in the industrial and commercial world, is so remarkable and, perhaps more surprising, so much more up to date than that of any other English writer, that it is sad to see it swallowed up by his love of fantasy in which he is less successful. *Uncle Phil on T.V.* however, is the best farcical story I have read for years.

ANGUS WILSON

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Camps and Climbs in Arctic Norway. By THOMAS WEIR. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

The north of Norway offers many attractions to the mountaineer who likes to add a certain amount of exploration to his climbing, and who finds the Alps too crowded, too sophisticated, too written-up. In the Lofoten Islands, and on the Lyngen peninsula, Mr. Weir and two friends found rock as good as Skye, snow peaks which they were only the fourth or fifth party to visit, the special beauty that comes where sea and mountains meet, and the friendliness and hospitality of a district that has not yet come to regard visitors as mainly economic assets.

Their cheap and hardy holiday had its highlights: an ascent of the apparently inaccessible Goat pinnacle above Svolvær (this involved jumping from one summit rock to the other while the town band played the *Dead March* in the cemetery plumb below); a new route up the snow, ice and gabbro of the Jaeggevarre which took them 23 hours. But their enjoyment came equally from mere peaceful activities—from the camping by fjords or up green glens, the journeys in hospitable small boats, the welcomes from croft and farm—and from the country itself which can be so well visualised from their many splendid photographs: "We felt that this must have been what the Scottish Highlands were like in the ice age, with glaciers flowing into the glens, ice fields shining on the tops, and long ridges of naked rock soaring up from the depths of blue fjords." And all this, thanks to the midnight sun, for 24 hours a day! When it didn't rain—but the less said of their weather, perhaps the better.

The Language and History of Spain. By J. B. TREND. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The growth of Spanish, from the days when the early stone-cutters lovingly carved their Latin howlers in everlasting marble, down to the contemporary South American adoption of words like *bóngalo* and *suiche* (switch), is traced in this fascinating book. Reading idly, one learns that Cicero addressed a familiar correspondent as "mon vieux" (*mi vetule*), that Isabel the Catholic dropped her aitches and the higher civil service apparently followed suit, that Cervantes wrote at approximately the latest possible date when the *x* of *Don Quivote* could still be pronounced as *sh*. For the amateur philologist who lurks in every citizen, Professor Trend has done a first-rate job of popularisation based, it need hardly be said, on solid scholarship.

He relates the history of the language to literature and political history—hence his somewhat confusing title—and this allows him to be refreshingly concrete. He describes the boneheaded Visigoths who gave the Spanish their word for "pride" and formed an illiterate ruling caste from which, a thousand years later, racial purists traced their unverifiable descent. He notes the difficulties of Jewish theologians with the word *Dios* because, though impeccably monotheistic, it *looks* plural. In a clear and up-to-date chapter he discusses the early fragments of Spanish Romance poetry found embedded in the Arabic *muwashshahas*—a discovery first put before the general reader in Mr. Gerald Brenan's *Literature of the Spanish People*. Altogether, the background of this short book is extremely rich without obscuring its real subject—the development of the language.

The Philosophy of Shakespeare. By K. J. SPALDING. *Ronald.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a pleasantly old-fashioned hunt for Shakespeare's message, conducted by a professional philosopher with a keen delight in the plays, a large disregard for the contribution of modern historical criticism to our understanding of them, and a respect for evidence which sadly impedes his progress to any very precise conclusions. The subject indeed is even more perplexed than Mr. Spalding acknowledges. In the sphere of ethical speculation Shakespeare appears more concerned to stimulate than to pronounce or inform; his demand is that we should perceive the complexity of many moral questions, and not that we should concur with him in an answer. Moreover, as Dr. Johnson observed, his precepts and axioms drop casually from him, so that Iago and other reprehensible persons take a suprisingly prominent position in any treasury of great thoughts compiled from the plays. Again, the great thoughts themselves are susceptible of arrangement in an ambiguous ballet. "Ripeness is all," Edgar says. But is he agreeing with Hamlet's "The readiness is all" or with Jaques's "We ripe and ripe, and then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot"?

If Shakespeare has, as Mr. Spalding believes, a "remedial purpose" and an ambition not merely to present but to pronounce upon the main enigmas of the human situation, it is decidedly—as Polonius would put it—by indirections that he finds directions out.

Botteghe Oscure XI. Edited by MARGUERITE CAETANI. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One cannot help wishing that *Botteghe Oscure* appeared quarterly rather than twice a year; four slimmer volumes would be less daunting than two massive ones, when leisure is scarce. However, it is ungracious to grumble at such a feast of new writing in three languages, and there is after all no need to gulp it down; a freedom from topicality is one of the advantages of a periodical devoted entirely to creative writing.

This time there are two longish dramatic pieces. *The Music crept by me on the Waters*, by Archibald Macleish, is less effective on the printed page than on the air; the tenuousness of the verse is shown up by the lack of differentiated voices. *Agamemnon*, by William Alfred, dedicated to Macleish, is a much more robust piece of work, and though the blend of current idiom with verse of Elizabethan richness is not always happy, it has fine moments. Mr. Douglas Newton's fragmentary reminiscences of childhood in Malaya are evocative and disquieting. The short story by Carson McCullers is accomplished, though less arresting than her best work. Chapman Mortimer's *The Runner* has the charm of an Arabian Night's fable. Better than either of these, perhaps, is Elsa Morante's penetrating study of a boy's relation with his mother, *Lo Sciallo Andaluso*. Carlo Levi introduces some charming studies by Umberto Saba, written some thirty or forty years ago but never published, about Jews in the Ghetto of Trieste during the last century.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,225

Set by Richard Lister

Mr. Eliot's new play *The Confidential Clerk* is to be given its première in Edinburgh. Nothing is known about it except its title. The usual prizes are offered for an anticipatory account describing the central situation and the main characters. Limit 200 words. Entries by August 25.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,222

Set by Tom Bowling

Competitors are asked to provide applications from Miss Austen, Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Browning, Ouida, Colette or any one of the Brontë sisters to an advertisement which recently appeared in *The Times* personal column asking for:—"Woman Columnist (weekly) sought by national newspaper. Style unconventional but not forced; light but not frothy; sophisticated but sympathetic. Interested in personalities. Column must appeal to both sexes in the average British family."

Report by Tom Bowling

Only two "inners" and one real bull's-eye among this week's entries. Most of the talented lady authoresses were far too anxious in their replies, and the phalanx of Janeites, in particular, retired routed. Never, under any circumstances, would Miss Austen have used the word "adolescent" or spoken of "having the right background for such a post." In the direst financial need she would never have been so forthcoming or Ellis Bell so jaunty.

Of the "outers," I liked Elaine Morgan's.

The *lightness* of my style you may think sufficiently demonstrated in my novels; and I venture to

claim such a tolerable degree of *sophistication* as any gentlewoman may acquire without the hazard of her reputation. My *sympathy* I dare not vouch for . . . Also Jean Stubbs's Emily: "I prefer solitude but shall endeavour to overcome a personal distaste for human contact." J. P. Stevenson's Jane began blithely but blundered badly with the masculine simile in the second paragraph.

First prize of three guineas to Greta Jakobson, two guineas to Pat Bullen and a guinea to Margaret Thain.

Monsieur,

Si les journalistes insistent que j'ai quatre vingts ans, ils ne veuillent que dire que j'ai achevé l'âge où on comprend à fond tout ce qui peut intéresser les deux sexes. Quant à mon style, votre aimable critique sir Harold Nicolson l'a comparé à la gorge irisdescente d'un pigeon. Quant aux pigeons, je les préfère un tout petit peu faisandés, à la casserole. Pour vous renseigner un peu sur ma carrière si diversifiée, j'ai collaboré autrefois à un journal pour la rubrique culinaire. Dernièrement, j'ai tiré pour une scène parisienne la pièce intitulée "Le Ciel du lit." (J'ai toujours des bonnes recettes . . . !) Comme les Anglais, je m'intéresse autant aux bêtes qu'aux humains. Enfin, pour vous être utile, Monsieur le rédacteur, il ne me faut qu'un traducteur astucieux.

Veuillez agréer . . .

Colette

GRETA JAKOBSON

Sir,

Well can I serve thee; let me count the ways;
My health, though Robert-wracked, and somewhat weakly,
Can with a column cope (thank God it's weekly),
The ends thou statest setting tone and pace:
My style is unconventional as my days
Since Robert came (the One Who reigns uniquely
Over my home and heart, and hath, obliquely,
Cut me adrift with much poetic praise):
My wretched life hath fit me for this chore
In sympathy, light touch and ready wit,
Enough to make thy people cry out More!
Yet feel that more might prove the opposite;
My work will not offend, yet never bore,
For He'll direct, trim, cut and edit it.

(Mrs.) E. B. Browning.

PAT BULLEN

Miss Austen presents her Compliments to the Advertiser in *The Times* Newspaper, and begs to inform him that she has been recommended to apply for the Situation in question. Miss Austen confesses that she is at a loss to understand the reason for this recommendation, being, as well by Talent as by Inclination, totally unfitted for the activities described. She has, however, a younger sister, Miss Jane Austen, who, Miss Austen is able with confidence to state, is the happy Possessor of all the endowments required. Miss Jane Austen's literary style has been praised by no less a Personage than the Prince Regent himself; moreover, should the Advertiser feel that His Royal Highness might not be the best Judge of Suitability for the family fireside, Miss Austen herself undertakes to censor her Sister's Compositions, and to delete any Passage which might arouse undue Interest or excite undesirable Attention.

MARGARET THAIN

CHESS: Promise and Achievement

No. 202

Few prodigies live up to the promise of their childhood. In Chess, just like in Music or in any field of artistic endeavour, abnormally youthful prowess seldom grows to full maturity. Among the few exceptions to the rule are Morphy, Capablanca, Reshevsky, and—rather more remarkable, since his was a purely creative genius—Leonid Kubbel. Having won prizes in solving competitions at the age of eleven he began to publish his own problems a year or two later, and his first endgame study appeared on his fourteenth birthday. His published work comprises 2,784 pieces, including some 700 studies. He won 120 First Prizes and some 400 minor competition honours. I had this interesting information from Dr. Gyorgy Paros, the noted Hungarian problemist to whom we were indebted for Kubbel's last study, published in the last issue of *Schackmatny* to appear before that famous journal had to be (temporarily) suspended during the siege of Leningrad. Fortunately, it has been as active as ever since the war; but it was only quite recently

—nearly a year after the study was published in this column—that the author's solution was discovered in the *Schackmatny* archives and published; and since Dr. Paros pays our solvers the handsome compliment of having, more than once, outwitted a famous composer by the discovery of a "cook," we should admit all the more readily the triumph of a composer whose solvers have failed to plumb the very depth of his work down to the last subtlety. It happens rarely enough, and to see the author's complete solution delayed by more than a decade must be quite unique. The key-move (1) Kt-R2 is, of course, as obvious as the (forced) counter K-K6: and some of our solvers, I think, did find the pretty line (2) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-K5; (3) Kt-B6 ch, K-B4; (4) Kt-Q7! (threatening the Q as well as mate by Q-Kt4). But this is merely a sub-variation, the author's main line being (2) . . . K-B5; (3) Q-KB1 ch, K-K5; (4) Kt-B6 ch, K-Q5; (5) Q-Q1 ch, K-B5; (6) Q x P ch!! A most surprising move, since this square seems so obviously earmarked for the Kt. Now if (6) . . . K-Kt5; (7) Q-R2!! again threatens mate as well as the Q: and if (6) . . . K-B6; (7) Q-R8!! threatens to win the Q by Kt-Q5; a move, incidentally, that would *not* work after (6) . . . K-Kt5, when the Q could escape to R4; hence the importance of the previous variation (7) Q-R2.

Kubbel composed this delightful study while besieged Leningrad was being shelled and bombed day and night. A few weeks later he died at his post. He held a responsible position as a chemist. He was only 55.

To make the customary 4-pointer a little easier for beginners I will add the helpful hint that, having

A: K. A. L. Kubbel
1911

forced the R to take the P, White in a further 3 moves threatens a mate which can be warded off at prohibitive cost only. **B** (6 points) is a 3-mover which will please our much-neglected problem-addicts. As for **C**—White to win, and rating 7 ladder-points—I hear from Dr. Paros that it has never yet been published in the Western World. I hope competitors will agree that it is a typical example of Kubbel's elegantly lucid style and that peculiar quality for which—since, somehow, it seems so remindful of Mozart—I cannot think of a more fitting term than "melodious."

B: K. A. L. Kubbel
1939

C: K. A. L. Kubbel
1938

Usual prizes. Entries by August 24.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 25

A: (1) P x B, Q x R. (2) Kt-Kt3.
B: (1) P-R5, B x P. (2) **B-B6!**, P x B. (3) P-R6, P-B4 ch. (4) K-Q5! B-R5. (5) **P-R7, B-B3.** (6) P queens, B x Q.
C: (1) K-B5 ch, K-R4. (2) **R-R4 ch,** K x R. (3) R-B3, B-Kt6. (4) R-B6.
if (1) . . . . K-Kt6. (2) R-B2!

Quite a few competitors stumped by either **B** or **C**; even so, a good many correct solutions. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft. *Londoners' 12th move B-Q3 Non-Londoners' 13th due by August 19th.*

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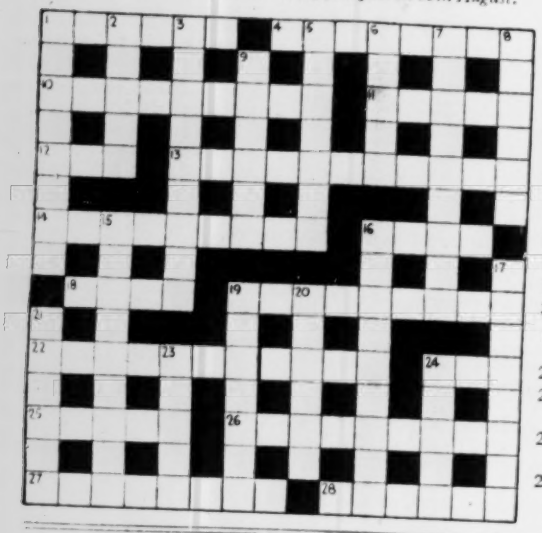
Week-end Crossword No. 61

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 61, N.S. & N. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 25th August.



ACROSS

1. An explosive evening? (6).
4. Going up with the army (8).
10. One nice doctor may discover what is secreted internally (9).
11. Stop a union for the African (5).
12. This is unrefined, but may be wealthy (3).
13. Protective covering for the spear battle (11).
14. What the rude multitude call the posteriors of the day (9).
16. Profit from footwear (4).
18. Frost's poetry (4).
19. Viennese viewpoint (9).
22. This dance makes the difference in the animal parade (7, 4).
24. This 12 is in abundance (3).
25. Without us the deity would be an archdeacon (5).
26. It may be adulatory to praise a party member (9).
27. "That goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling —— stone" *Henry V* (8).
28. Wait for the finish of a race (6).

DOWN

1. Abstinent, but with a little drink inside (8).
2. For instance the persistent creditor may turn up to try and attract attention (5).
3. The case of one who disappeared at sea (9).
5. Possibly senile northern composer (7).
6. Dancing to be put on a boys' magazine (5).
7. The Persians go for a British port (9).
8. Cheeky dish (6).
9. Playwright like one in love with love (6).
15. Ornamental borders (9).
16. What the scrum should do for a meal (9).
17. Put a whole column into one line (8)
19. A short holiday amid county surveys (7).
20. Society distance (6).
21. Softly wooing bird (6).
23. Comfort and liberal support (5).
24. World theatre (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 59

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 59

H. F. Forbes (Gloucester), Mrs. Richard Howroyd (Ballinafad, Eire), W. K. Robinson (Rickmansworth).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in French. The appointment will be for a period of two years but may be extended for a further period of two years. The lecturer must be of French birth and education; he must be licencié es lettres or an élève de l'Ecole Normale Supérieure, or the holder of certificates of equivalent educational standing; his French accent must be free from dialectical peculiarities and he must have a thorough knowledge of French literature and be conversant with the phonetics of the French language. The salary will be according to qualifications within the range £650-£1,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at May 1, 1953, £247 males, £187 females). Applications, accompanied by a recent photograph and giving the names of three referees, should be forwarded to reach Monsieur Charpentras, Direction Générale, Bureau des Relations Culturelles, Quai d'Orsay, Paris, from whom further information may be obtained, not later than August 31, 1953. W. H. Mace, Registrar, University of Sydney, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

LONDON School of Economics (University of London). The British Library of Political and Economic Science requires an Assistant Librarian. Salary on the scale £450 – £25 – £550 – £30 – £700. Candidates should have a good honours degree and a good knowledge of languages; experience or examination qualifications in librarianship will be an additional advantage. Applications, with copies of two testimonials, should be sent to The Librarian, British Library of Political and Economic Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2 by August 31.

BBC invites applications for Features and Drama Producer, Bangor. Duties include selecting and editing plays and feature programmes, commissioning scripts and production in studio. Qualifications: Essential: wide knowledge of Wales and Welsh language, appreciation of style of written and spoken word in Welsh and English, awareness of cultural activities and current affairs in Wales and dramatic production. Desirable: Experience of dramatic or other writing. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "85 N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BBC invites applications for Second Drama Producer, Midland Region, Birmingham. Qualifications: Essential: professional training and experience of production in broadcasting, theatre or film studios. Desirable: ability to adapt and edit scripts, lively interest in lighter forms of drama and knowledge of music. Preference to candidates under 35 years. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "88 N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SOCIAL Workers required as temporary assistant organisers of children's care work in the public health department of the London County Council. Duties: social work connected with the school health service including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. A social science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £450 × £30 – £600. Details on application form obtainable from Medical Officer of Health, (PH.D.1), County Hall, S.E.1 for return by August 29. (847).

WORKERS' Educational Association (Western District). Organiser for Bristol required. The Organiser will work in close co-operation with the Bristol Branch of the W.E.A. and will have special responsibility for the development of Trade Union Education in the area. Salary scale £400 × £25 – £550. Applications to be submitted by September 14 to the W.E.A. District Secretary, 91 Redland Road, Bristol, 6, from whom particulars and application forms can be obtained.

EDUCATION Secretary required by Enfield Highway Co-operative Society. Membership 62,000. Annual Sales £4,500,000. Salary £702 per annum. Superannuation Scheme with transfer clause. Person appointed will not be responsible for staff training. Applications stating age, experience and enclosing copies of two recent testimonials to be sent to the Education Secretary, E.H.C.S. Ltd., 446 Hertford Rd., Enfield, Middlesex, in an envelope endorsed "Education Secretary" by August 24, 1953.

BBC requires Bulgarian, Roumanian, Yugoslav and Russian dictation typists. No immediate vacancies, but candidates passing tests will be considered for relief work and future vacancies. Accurate and quick typing from dictation in language concerned and working knowledge of English required. Starting salary £6 5s. plus 10s. language allowance. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Typists, N.Stm."

BBC requires Arabic Dictation Typist with Arabic as mother tongue. Copy typing, and accurate and quick typing from dictation in Arabic. Salary £6 5s. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £7 5s. per week, plus £1 Language allowance. Applic. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "89 N. Stm.," within a week.

LONDON Merchants seek highly qualified Metal and Ore Departmental Manager conversant with international trading conditions and barter business. Good profit participation, permanent position with eventual directorship. Apply Secretary, J. C. Gilbert, Ltd., Columbia House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

ANTI-Vivisection Society requires Asst. Organiser for the Midlands. Give full particulars of experience, and state salary required.—Box 1126.

WORLD Federation for Mental Health: Wanted October, Woman Assistant to Secretary-General, with some editorial experience and good knowledge of languages. Commencing salary not less than £475 per annum. Apply in writing for particulars: W.F.M.H., 19 Manchester Street, London, W.1.

RESIDENTIAL Social Service Centre requires member of staff to cook and take charge of domestic arrangements for 8-10 persons. Salary £170 to £220 p.a. and residence. Apply to Family Service Unit, 56 Grove St., Liverpool.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MEDICAL journal requires full-time lay sub-editor. Previous experience essential. Write details and salary required. Box 1216.

WELL-known London Publisher requires experienced young man take charge publicity. Write, giving details: Box 1278.

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LADY, 20, Public School, reqs. post Sept. as priv. and or social secretary. Dom. Science Diploma (Eastbourne); secretl. training, stenotyping in English, French. Interviews after Aug. 28. Box 1157.

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PERSONAL

HOMELY accommodation with family living within daily reach of South-West London required for working girl aged 15 years. Particulars can be obtained from the Area Children's Officer, Middlesex County Council, 4 Newburgh Road, Acton, W.3.

OXFORD undergrad. seeks vacation work, one-four weeks Aug 24-Sept. 31. Driver, shthnd.-typing. Consider anything. Box 1164.

COUPLE, professional dancers-singers, doing research, urgently need part-time work, nights and/or week-ends. Box 1108.

AU Pair. Young couple, 1 daughter (5) sk. girl part-time light housework, child-minding, London flat abt. 1 month from Aug. 22. Full partics., snap to Merton, 1 St. John's Green, Wallingford, Berks.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

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PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Aug. 16, 7.30 "La Nuit est Mon Royaume" (U).

PECKHAM Film Society. New Season Sept. 3. "Citizen Kane." Dets.: J. Best, 14 Comport Green, N. Addington, Surrey.

ANNIVERSARY Liberation of Rumania Celebration. Social & Concert. Holborn Hall. Mon., Aug. 24, 7.30 p.m. Programme Rumanian Music and Poetry. Refreshments. Welc. members & friends. Brit. Rumanian Friendship Assoc., 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

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HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Suns. excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 19. Tkts. 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

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MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Mary Cassatt & French Masters. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Names to Remember.

TWELVE Australian Artists. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Aug. 22. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

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LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Selected French paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibition of Modern Paintings. Also Portrait of Tensing by Michael Werner.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Exhibition of Oil Paintings by young Contemporaries. Until August 29.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2 (off Char. X Rd. opp. St. Martin's Theatre). Monotype Paintings by Hazel Turnbull. Aug. 4-29. Daily 11-7 except Sun.

FLOWER Books from the Society of Herbalists. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Aug. 29. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. excepted) 10-5. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10 to 7 including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INDIAN Independence Day, Saturday, August 15. Meeting at Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, at 7.30 p.m. "Report on Freedom." Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P., V. K. Krishna Menon, Rev. Michael Scott and speakers from Indonesia, the Africas, India and Britain, etc. Indian Music and dances. Admission free, res. seats 2s 6d. from India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

KENYA'S Misery is Britain's Shame. Britain must not be silent while Africans are shot down. Demand Government abandon repression and seek conciliation through racial parity. Rally Hyde Park, 2.45 p.m., for march. Bring banners. Meeting 4.15 p.m. Trafalgar Square, Sunday, August 23, 1953. Kenya Committee, 112 Clarendon Rd., W.11.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Closed for Sunday morning meetings. Re-opening Sunday, September 13. Chamber Music Concerts recommence October 4.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. A discussion on "Paris and the New Fashion Trend." Speakers: Mrs. E. Ewing (Sumpsons, Piccadilly), Miss L. Currie (Fashion & Fabrics). August 20, at 7.45 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d.; Members free. Kindly reserve your seats—WELbeck 0136.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum, Sept. 3. "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" Please watch for further details.

SOUTH African progressives and others interested cordially invited to meeting, Alliance Hall, 12 Caxton St., S.W.1, Mon., August 24, 7.30 p.m. Convenor: E. S. Sachs. Business: Concrete Support for Democratic Southern Africa.

DR. N. AZIKIWE will be guest speaker at Afro-West Indian Social & Cultural Centre, 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. CUN. 9053. Sunday, August 16, 7-8 p.m.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon, Sept. 4-6: "Humorous Writing" and "Painting and Modelling"; Sept. 18-20: "The Unity of the Arts." Programmes from Warden.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. August 22, at 6 p.m. Mr. St. John Gordon: "Making a Film."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. August 16: "What is True Prayer?" All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WEEK-end Conference, High Leigh, Hoddesden, Herts., Sept 4-6. Discussions opened by R. S. W. Pollard, John Gray, Dr. Eustace Chesser and J. B. Coates. Accommodation, single rooms, incl. charge 37s. 6d. Dets. Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2.

"WORLD of Want or World of Wealth?" For details Central London Fabian U.N.A. Conference at Pulborough, Sept. 4-6, write Jean Graham Hall, 45 West Hill, Sanderstead, Surrey.

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W.1. School of Commerce. The Evening School provides courses of study for men and women employed in Commerce. Students may prepare for any of the following: 1. Professional Examinations in Banking, Accountancy, Cost Accountancy, Fellowship in Management Accounting of I.C.W.A., Company Secretarial Work, Exporting, and Sales Management. 2. Preliminary B.Sc.(Econ.), London, and G.C.E. "A" Level. 3. Final B.Com., B.Sc.(Econ.), and B.Sc. (Sociology). 4. Diploma in Public Administration, Local Government Clerical and Administrative Examinations. 7. Royal Statistical Society and Association of Incorporated Statisticians Examinations. Session 1953-4 commences on Monday, September 28. New students will be enrolled between 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. on September 21. (Former students, September 15 and 16, 5.0 to 7.30 p.m.) Prospectuses may be obtained on application to: J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

MARLBOROUGH Secretarial College, 110A High Street, Oxford. Tel. Oxford 4149. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Day and Evening classes. Special courses for Graduates. Prospectus on application to Head Mistress.

NORTH-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5 (GUL. 1154). Full-time and part-time day courses beginning Sept. for G.C.E. Adv. level (Arts & Econs. subjects); Prof. business quals., Secretarial work, Management, Commerce, Shthnd.-Typg.

A DEGREE in One's Own Time," home study planning conference, Sept. 18-20, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

MARYLEBONE Tutorials. Individual tuition for General Certificate at all levels & University Entrance Exams. &c. 33 Nottingham Pl., London, W.1. WEL. 8022.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management; also in English for Foreign Students. Intensive training for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 5986.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All languages, English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evening Classes. Private tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover St., W.1. GRO. 7347.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 7957 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc. B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH42, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre is arranging for new groups to start in the last week of September for a course of 40 evening lessons, once a week, spread over a year allowing for holidays. Those who wish to study a method which will help them to overcome tension and postural faults and leave them able to manage themselves better should apply to the Secretary, The Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road. Phone PARK 7222. Private lessons continue as usual.

LANGUAGES incl. Russian, English for foreigners, in comf. informal atmosphere at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., N.W.3. Expd. teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

NEW thought and research on social problems—drop a card now to Research Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for full details of Research Communications Project.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY 2815.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

DR. T. BALOGH, Barbara Castle, M.P., R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P., Denis Healey, M.P., John Mackie, Sally Sachs, Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P., speak at Fabian Summer School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, from Aug. 31 to Sept. 5. Enqs. to Schools Secy., Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

A CONTEMPORARY Chinese View of the state of man-in-society and of world relations is the subject of this year's Common Wealth Sensory Summer School, which will study "A Declaration of Human Welfare," by Lo Meng-Tze, political scientist, poet and revolutionary pacifist, Chairman of the Chu Lieu Society of China. Venue: Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxfordshire, from 9th to 16th Sept. Further particulars: S.S.S. Organiser, Common Wealth, 12 High St., N.W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

SIAMESE kittens for sale. Seal point. Good pedigree. HENdon 7440.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

GIN Traps are no longer needed! I can send particulars of 11 other ways of killing rabbits. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling you how to kill domestic animals and poultry, and White list of furs humanely obtained. Major C. Van der Byl, 44 Trequenter Road, London, S.W.10.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fierlad, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

TABLE Ware Replacements. Heal & Son can now supply replacements for the following tablewares: "Country Bunch," "Coloured Bands," "Tiger Red," "Blue Leaf." 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

WHERE TO STAY

TINTAGEL (Tel. 257), Cornwall. Trevthey Hotel. Vacancies from Sept. 12 for late Summer holidays with sea view, comf. rooms, home cooking. Brochure. Also vacancies for two doubles from August 29-September 5 due to cancellation.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7gns. No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. 'Phone 2621.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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SNOWDONIA. Sygun Fawr Hospice, Nr. Beddgelert. Private centre for walkers, climbers & families. Finely situated. Good food, hot baths, £4 17s. 6d per week inclusive. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

BUCKS. The "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden, a charming and thoroughly comfortable XVIIth-century house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated; excellent food; pleasant garden. Tel. 516.

HILL-layers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro. Country House possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlkg. sea, offers restful holiday & perfect food based on own farm produce. No children under 14. Portballow House, Talland Bay, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

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LAKES. Charm. old manr. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2314.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses —the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

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SMALL modern hotel, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

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COTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provencal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Special rates for Sept. & Oct. Illust. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

HOTEL Royal-Bellevue, St. Cast, Cotes-du-Nord. The leading Hotel, right on the beach, friendly atmosphere. Excellent French cooking. Terms: end of August to Sept. 20, from 28s. all inclusive.

SCHOOLS

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £50 term. Good academic results. Children parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

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KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "New Statesman," almost complete series 1932-1952, offers; "New Statesman," 1946-52, offers; Fuchs: Sittengeschichte, 10 vols.; Austin 29, good running order, seen London, £30.

WANTED: Handbook Marxism; Trotsky's History.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 190 and 191

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